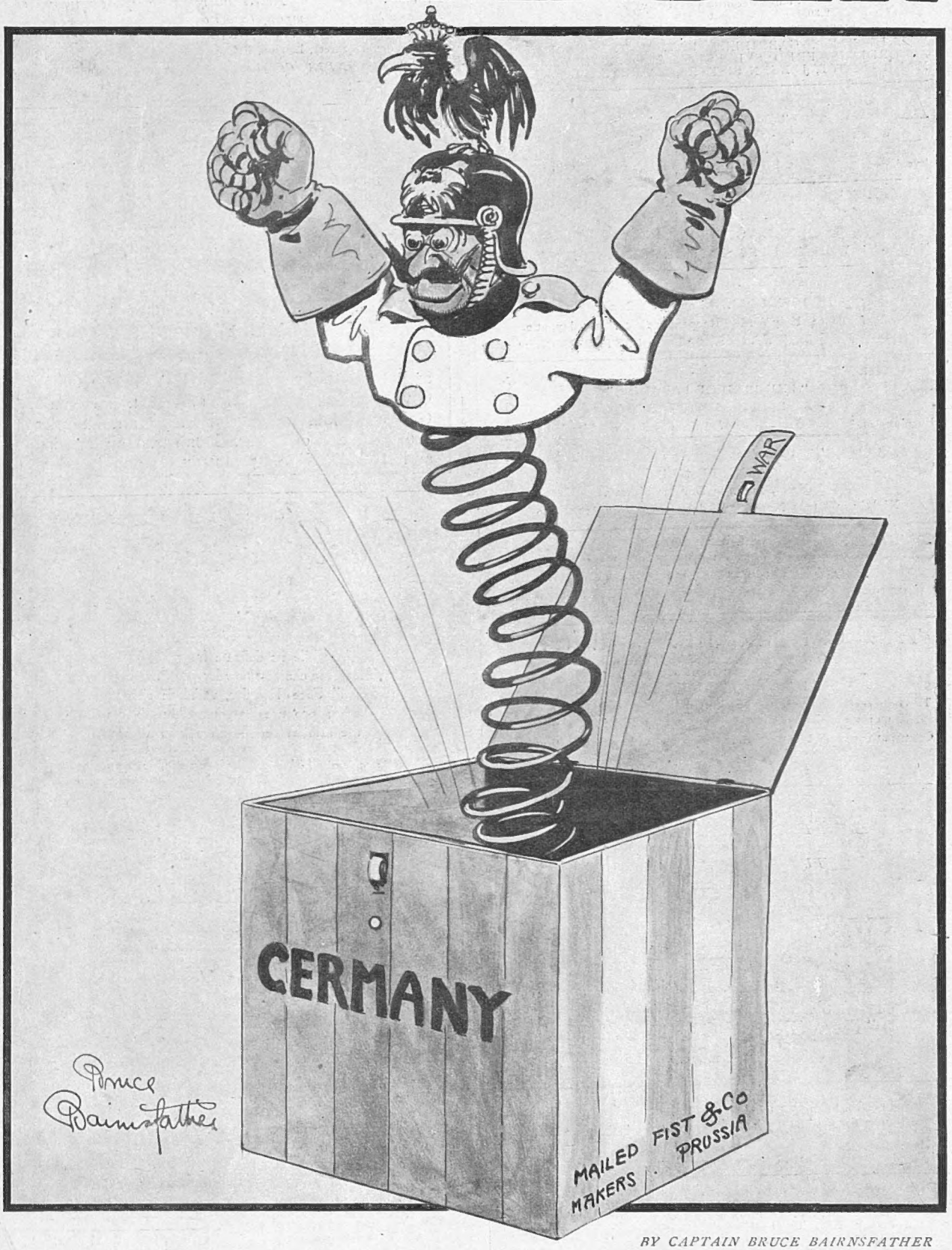
The Bystander, March 31, 1920. No. 852. Vol. LXV.

The BYSTANDER



BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

SPRING IS HERE! IN OTHER WORDS—"HERE IT IS AGAIN"

BYSTANDER COMMENT (continued)

The Return of "Pussyfoot"

I SEE Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson is back in England. When he left us he went to Algiers, where a perfectly drinkable wine may be had for ninepence a bottle. This magnificent opportunity was, of course, quite wasted on "Pussyfoot," but the story goes that his weekly hotel bill always included a charge for champagne. This item Mr. Johnson would patiently cross off, pointing out that he drank no "alcohol," the new prohibition name for all fermented beverages. But one week, when he found himself debited with no less than four dozen bottles of "the boy," he protested more vigorously than usual. It was then found that there was stopping in the same hotel a young Englishman who was entertaining his friends somewhat freely, and who took a malicious delight in getting his wine put down to the dry apostle's account. It may have been this that prompted Mr. Johnson then to make a short sojourn in the desert, to the uninteresting dryness of which he wants to convert our own smiling land. I commend two things to the serious consideration of all readers of THE BYSTANDER. Firstly, Mr. Stephen Leacock's letter, in which he describes prohibition as "the appalling disaster which has overtaken the United States and nine-tenths of Canada." Secondly, the saying of a lady at Highgate police court the other day, "The more my husband has to drink at night, the eagerer he is to get to work in the morning."

THE VICTIM By F. BUCHANAN

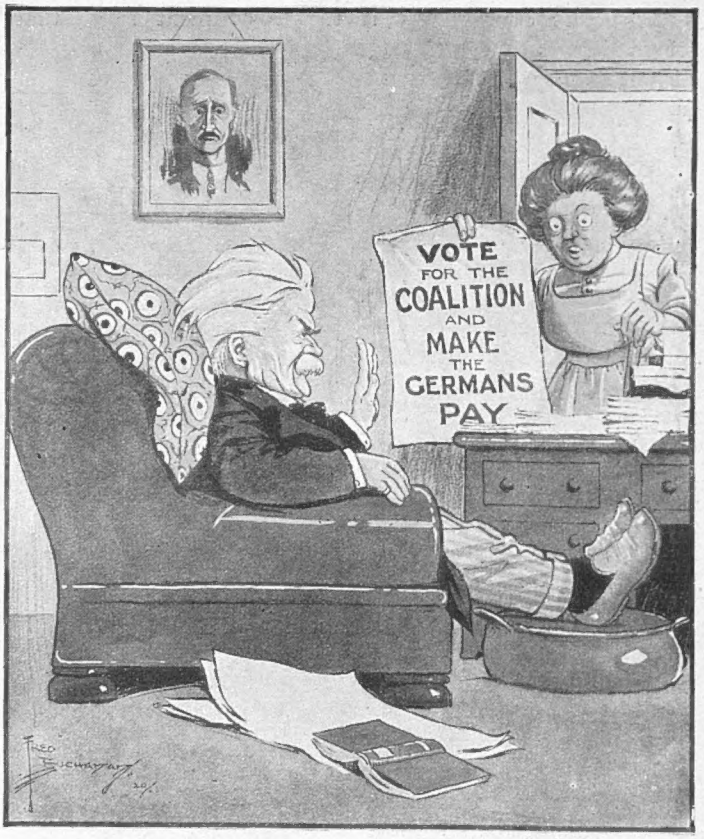
RUSSIA: "Yes, I've been under his treatment for three years!"

The Bachelor Tax

THE *Daily Graphic* has opened up the tremendous question whether bachelors are to be put in the same category as manservants and dogs and be taxed. The bachelor can at once point out that servants and dogs do not pay their own tax. It falls upon the employer of the one and the owner of the other. Can you tax an employer so much a head for every bachelor he employs? Probably not. The answer to this may be that the bachelor is not to pay a tax on himself, but upon his bachelordom, as he does upon his income or his dog. The bachelor will then certainly argue that bachelordom is not a possession, but a condition, an opinion, a frame of mind, anything you will, but not a possession. And if you start taxing this sort of thing, where are you going to stop? Are you going to tax teetotalers, non-smokers, the no-hat brigade, and other people who must be better off than their fellows who smoke and wear hats and look upon the beer when it is frothing—only the very rich to-day can look upon the wine when it is red or bubbling—and so contribute to the revenue and trade of the country. One great fact stands forth—legislators are, for the most part, married, and before long many of them will be women.

Men and Manners

ANOTHER contemporary has been discussing the manners of man and the honesty of woman. The former question was started, as usual, by someone writing to say that a woman had been obliged to stand in a train while men were seated. That such a thing should be remarkable enough to write about

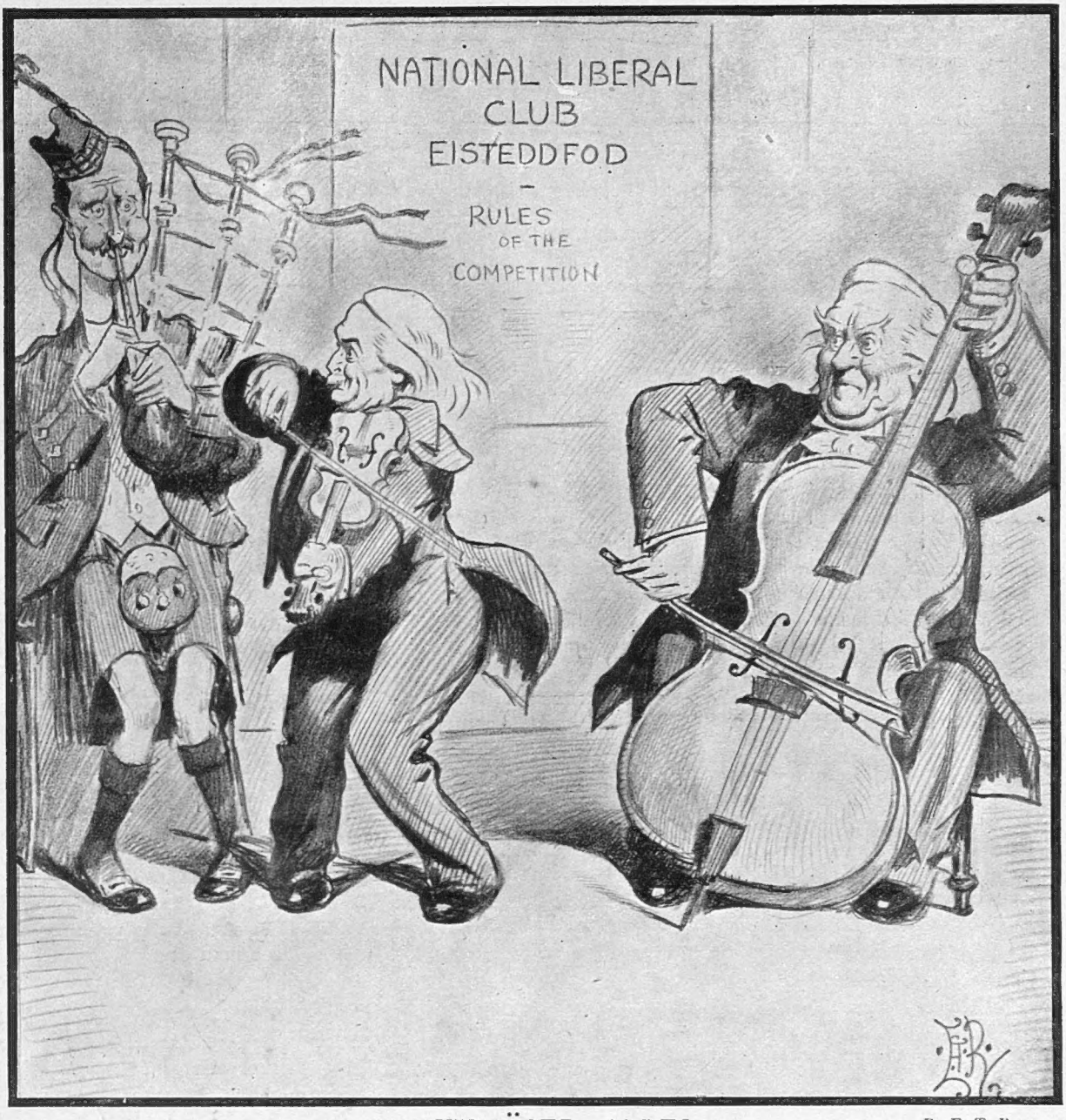


By F. BUCHANAN

SPRING CLEANING COMMENCES

NEW HOUSEKEEPER; "Do you want this kept, sir?"

L. G.: Oh, no, scrap it, It's only an old election poster!"



PARTY ÜBER ALLES

By E. T. Reed

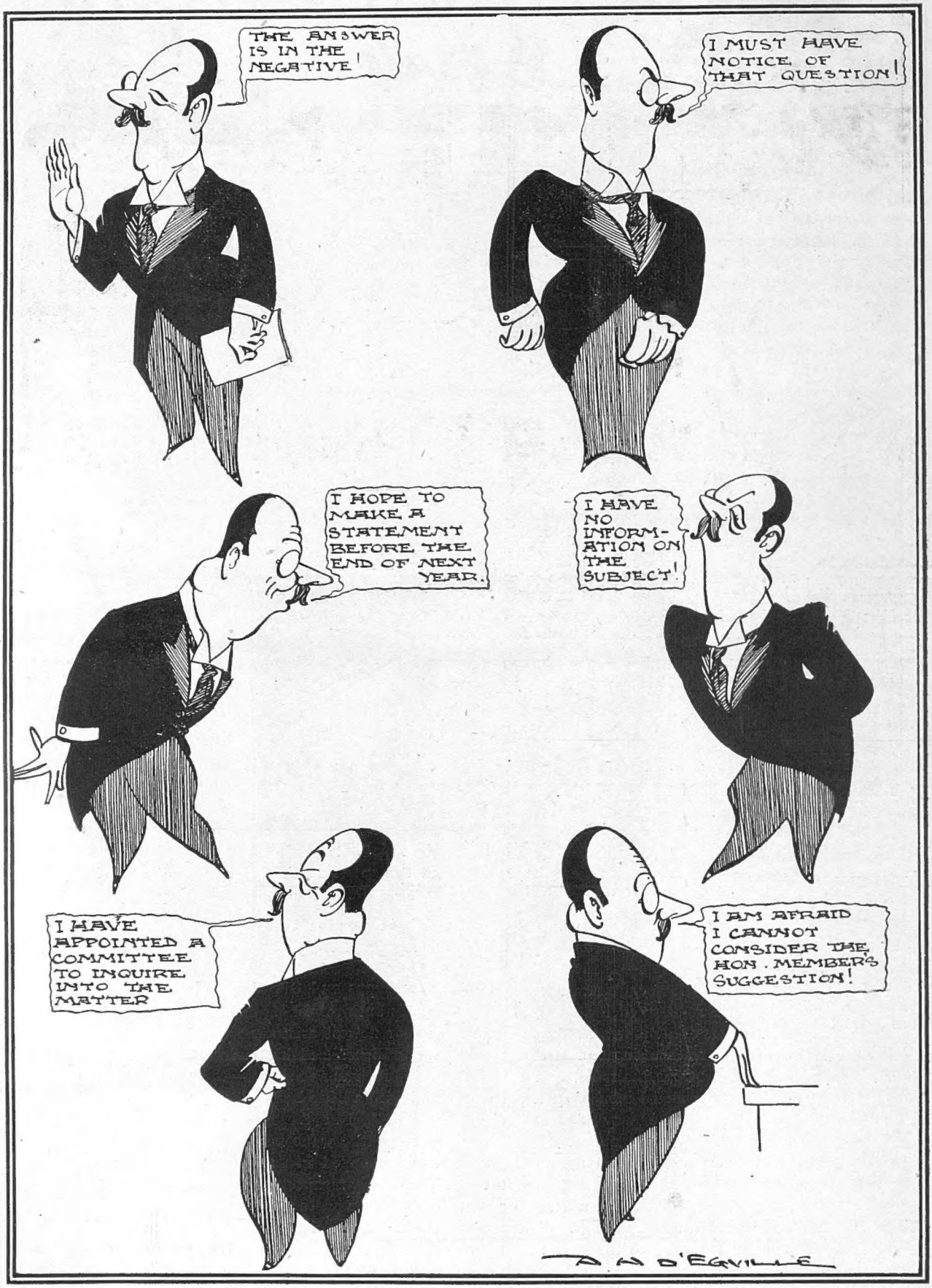
ASQUITH : "Keep'ng in perfect harmony, are they? Well, all I've got to say is they've no business to! I call it a crystallised and organised artificial aggregation!"

might almost seem to settle the discussion. On the whole, perhaps, man's manners towards the gentle sex are very similar to his morals—about as good or as bad as is asked for. As for woman's honesty, nothing would make me refer to such a thing but a sense of duty, and the fact that it was a woman who started the discussion by accusing her friends of pilfering handkerchiefs, spoons, hairpins, and other such small game. She acquitted men of such petty piracy. Well, considering the way women shed hairpins, I don't wonder at them putting a few in their bags whenever they see any lying round. If a man lends another a handkerchief he doesn't expect to see it again—it's given like a cigar, a drink, or a lift in a taxi. But years of travelling on the District and Metropolitan have proved to me that at least 60 per cent. of women travel first-class with third-class tickets, whilst the number of men doing so is very small. On the other hand, there is not a man's club in London that has not its petty thieves of notepaper, library books, magazines, and so forth.

New Peers and Old Manners

It is both refreshing and a sign of hopefulness that our newest aristocracy is following the old lines. Lady Birkenhead has risen against the jazz and its twin brothers and sisters—the "hugs" and "glides," and with a little band of friends has cried, "Thumbs down!" But these exotic and gymnastic dances were on the wane before Lady Birkenhead and her *coterie* stepped in to give them the *coup de grâce*. They really meant a lot of bother. First the boredom of the same partner for the whole evening; secondly, the necessity of a girl bringing that partner. And men are beginning to get rather scarce, now that gratuities are spent, and so many of them have gone off to the Colonies, Egypt, and Persia, or poultry-farming or bee-keeping, or into matrimony.

How to Become a Cabinet Minister



PICTORIAL HINTS FOR PARLIAMENTARIANS

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Divorces Ducal

NATURALLY, the one thing of which everybody is talking is the prelude in the Law Courts to the latest ducal divorce. We know that, in the eyes of the law, there is no difference between a duke and a dustman, and, arguing from the other side of the medal, ducal folk have as much right to appeal to the law as more humble members of the community. But, in these days, the doings of our very highly placed have a significance that was unknown twenty years ago, and there is a general feeling of, "Well, they know best, but, all the same, I wish they hadn't! It gives the Bolshyranters such a handle!"

Letters Royal

THE will of the late Miss Horatia Stopford, who was Maid-of-Honour to Queen Victoria, emphasises a point that is not generally known. Miss Stopford enjoyed Queen Victoria's confidence in an unusual degree. She left all the letters written to her by the great Queen "to be returned unopened if the Queen should survive her, and if not to be burnt unread." It is one of the unwritten laws that no letter written by a former Sovereign or member of the Royal Family may be published without the consent of the reigning Sovereign. There is no definite pronouncement in words on the matter, but you wouldn't find a publisher in England who would allow a book to go out from his house, containing copies of Royal letters, unless the author could produce the authority of the Sovereign.

Queen Victoria's letters to Miss Stopford have been destroyed, in accordance with her direction, which in itself is an instance of the loyalty and devotion the Queen inspired in those about her.

Wisdom Learnt Whilst You Wait

SOME little time ago a lady of quality advertised for a parlourmaid. A few days later a well-set-up, capable, and prepossessing girl waited upon her ladyship. Before the War, she said, she had been an assistant in a small milliner's shop in a suburb. During the War she had been a W.A.A.C., and as such had waited in an officers' mess. This was the be-all and limit of her parlourmaiding experience.

But she was anxious to go into domestic service; she was anxious to learn the further subtleties of the parlourmaid's art, and since she was so earnest, and servants are so difficult to get, the dame of quality decided that such a bird in the hand was better than an empty pantry and an unserved table.

What the Cook said

THE new maid proved most willing and obliging, and both eager and grateful for instruction. So all went well for several weeks. Then one morning the cook asked if she might have a "few words with her ladyship alone."

"Far be if from me, my lady, to cast reflections upon anybody, but (oh! that everlasting 'but') the under-servants are all so upset that, for the sake of the house, I must speak." This was the preamble. The crux of the whole matter was that on the one week-day afternoon and the Sabbath afternoon on which the new parlourmaid was free, she started forth from her ladyship's backdoor in a gorgeous motor-car, which deposited her at the same door on her return. "It may, of course, be quite respectable," quoth the cook, "but me and the under-servants find it hard to think so."

The Rolls-Royce

FACED with the defection of all her servants, yet loath to lose her

Photograph *British Illustrations*

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

With her younger son, Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill. The Duchess was last week granted a decree for restitution of conjugal rights against her husband, the Duke

Who, When and Where—

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF READING
Taking a stroll in Hyde Park during the recent "heat-wave"

Photograph *Central News*

QUEEN MARY
Leaving the Infants' Welfare Centre in Archer Street, Notting Hill, after a visit

Photograph *Centrat News*

BACK ON LEAVE
The Duke of Devonshire with his daughter on their arrival from Canada on leave

Photograph *Centra' News*

PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT
Out walking in Hyde Park last week

"treasure," the mistress hazarded modern conditions, and spoke to the parlourmaid about the motor-car. The girl burst into laughter.

"They're idiots, my lady; that is my father's car! And it's a Rolls-Royce"—this with pride.

"But," gasped the astonished mistress, "if your father can afford to buy a Rolls-Royce—and keep it up—(there the bitter experience of the value of the £1 sterling burst out)—what necessity can there be for you to go into service?"

I mustn't keep you too long with the "she saids." Briefly, the girl's answer was this. Before the War her father had been a tailor, a very little tailor, somewhere on the south side of the river. When the rush for khaki came he took his courage in both hands and accepted a huge Government contract, which he fulfilled only by whole nights and days of unceasing work. From tit he went on to tat because he was reliable. Result: He is now a rich man.

"Of course," the girl concluded, "now that father's so rich we shall live amongst quite different people. Before we begin I wanted to know exactly what *real gentry* do and how they behave. That's why I answered your advertisement."

I like that girl, don't you? She has inherited the spirit that made the fortune.

Our Little Brothers, the Socialists

It isn't comfortable just now to own estates in Italy. Socialist propaganda has gripped the peasants by the throat in more than one province, with the result that projects of law are in the air for declaring all land communal property. In some parts of Piedmont hunting and shooting—generically known as *la caccia*—have already become impossible because

A "Bystander" Pot-Pourri

Photograph *Central News*

A DUCAL WEDDING IN MONACO

The Duchess Charlotte de Valentinois, adopted daughter of the Hereditary Prince of Monaco, was last week married to Count Pierre de Polignac The bride and bridegroom are here seen leaving after the ceremony

of local feeling, and even in the Veneto, where the relations of landlord and tenant are still patriarchal, there has been trouble.

The Monaco Marriage

MOST of the newspapers made an odd mistake in their descriptions of the recent wedding at Monaco. They dubbed the bride grand-daughter of the reigning prince, and, consequently, grand-daughter of his first wife, who was a sister of the late Duke of Hamilton. But the lady, the Duchesse de Valentinois, is actually the adopted daughter of the Hereditary Prince of Monaco, who is the son of the reigning prince, and the lady who was born Lady Mary Hamilton.

Will the Example Be Followed?

THERE is a whisper that the afternoon parties at Buckingham Palace have been given as a hint towards economy. Afternoon functions certainly cost less in the way of clothes and transport, but I doubt very much if the new peeresses and baronets' ladies will fall into this line. As someone said the other day, "Dukes have ceased to have a social value. That lies now with the new peerage."

And I ask you, what is a new peeress without a tiara and a Paris evening-gown? You wouldn't know she was one. And even the Countess of Houndsditch or Lady Little McBig couldn't wear a tiara in the afternoon.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD AND LADY HAIG

Under the banner of the Discharged Soldiers and Sailors at Putney on the occasion of the opening by Lord Haig of a War Memorial Club

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *March* 29, 1920

DEAR COUSIN—

DELICIOUS, delightful, thrilling, exciting, and almost too good to be true, it is, to be alive—

. . . in England
Now that April's here.

(Or nearly.) And it's all I can *ever* remember of Browning—

And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole, are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough,
In England—Now!

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WINTER'S behind, summer ahead, and meanwhile, just arriving—the sweet o' the year! Sweet even in the London streets, sweeter in the greening Parks and in her wonder-garden at Kew, sweetest of all in the country, where the warm pervading air, half-caress, half-perfume, is spring's very essence, a rapture and a wild desire.

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AND now that there's a Peace on, no reason why we *shouldn't* enjoy it, fume the Jeremiahs, the F. B. Meyers, and the Father Vaughans and people never so wildly. According to them, we dance too much, we dress too little, we indulge too sparsely in the duties of father and motherhood, we titillate exhausted, glutted appetites at theatre and cinema, we are grossly extravagant, and last, not least, we, we women, that is, or, anyway, some of us, encourage "the brutalities of the ring"—by going to boxing matches!

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ABOUT which—fold your hands, lower your lids, compose yourselves, ye critics! for I've just been to one myself—the Wells *v.* Journée show at the Albert Hall. And I wanted, of course, to tell you all about it, but you can't think how difficult it is. My opinions and sensations in the matter change about twice daily, and they're always different every time!

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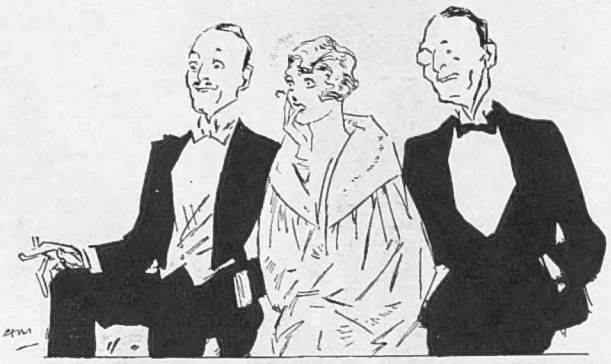
FOR instance, came away from the gory scene (I confess I do hate the bluggy part) vowing by all my gods that my first boxing match should also be my last—and next day, when the great C. B. Cochran announced Wells *v.* Beckett at Olympia, a month or so ahead, discovered deep down in (I suppose) my savage residuum, a healthy, though sneaking, desire to go to yet another!



"Going to boxing matches"

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SORT of unholy fascination about it. Which accounts, no doubt, for its Circean call to men—amongst whose virtues is *not* included the power of resistance, and in whom, anyway, a *soupçon* of the brute, perhaps of necessity, remains. But sport. . . . Is this really what men call sport? This effort to hurt, to deface, to injure? This animal butting at wherever it'll hurt most, this horrible jabbing at Nature's masterpiece, the human face, until it resembles only a mauled and bleeding inhuman mess?

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BEING a mere woman, I, of course, have no sense of (1) humour, (2) honour, (3) sportsmanship. That's been agreed, hasn't it, by our peers, the other sex, up and down the ages? And though I've always regretted my failings in this respect, at the Albert Hall the other night really, you know, I was glad for once to be—well, so deficient. How could the world go on, how could loveliness and beauty, and research, and fine thought, and self-sacrifice, and purity go on if we all descended to this animal level to satisfy our "sporting" instincts?

The Apache night at the Grafton Galleries

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THEY say the Queen of Spain looks through blackened glasses at the bull-fights she is forced to attend. I rather wished mine had been blackened, too, as I watched that hollow victory of the tall and handsome Wells over the young Frenchman, Journée. Saw him stagger under the ex-champion's blows, saw him stunned and blinded and breathless and bleeding, saw him coming up again and again—for more blows more sickening every time

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

AND yet. . . . It's thrilling to see such gameness, such pluck, such sticking it. And it's wonderful, too, to watch Wells—a perfect specimen of muscular manhood, trained to muscular perfection, doing his job to perfection. These things aren't so common that one may pass them by, even if the fashion of presenting them isn't quite after one's own heart. And, of course, in Wells, too, one sees what always intrigues me—one more instance of the immoral immortal power of charm, the undeniable lure of physical beauty

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BEING, as aforesaid, merely a member of the deficient sex, I may, of course, be wrong about it. But *would* the ex-champion, for all his skill and his perfect left and his dancing feet, be quite the popular idol he is if he weren't, as well, tall and fair, and graceful and "with an air" about him? I *don't* think; if I *do*, in boxing matters, speak as a child.

"Ne'er-cast-a-clout-before-May-be-out is a masculine adage"

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DECIDEDLY, though, the boxing game, if, as Madame Carpentier says, it is a game, is a man's game. If there's anything in inherited tendencies at all, for instance, one would prefer the mothers of the race to indulge passions not quite so brutal as a penchant for boxing matches. And as for the fathers—ah, well, men are different, aren't they? Children, animals, unsophisticated, really quite easy to mould a little nearer to the heart's desire. Meanwhile. . . . I don't *think* I'll see any more boxing-matches—even if Billy Wells is fighting.

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MUST work spring fevers off in something rather less goresome—an Apache night at the Grafton, for instance. And prove my powers of endurance. . . Let's say when I go out in my new spring clothes in the inevitable spring east wind. This is where woman leaves man standing *every* time. Silly old ne'er-cast-a-clout-before-May-be-out is a masculine-made adage, I'm sure.

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APROPOS, stern reproaches for negligence in the "mentions" department just reached me from two dashing young things of Q.V.'s Own Rajput Light Infantry, now with the Army of the Black Sea. "We do think, Blanche, you might have thought of us in one of your letters. We live together in a tin hut, that's already fallen down four times, in 33 deg. of frost and two feet of snow, and are commanded by a major who was a prisoner of war in Turkey for three years! (Couldn't Helen draw this?)

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"AND if you *still* don't realise there's still a war on, Blanche, let us introduce you to our General, who wears breeches patched with leather, and can drink a dozen cocktails in an hour at our expense, whilst we have never managed to drink more than two at his. Do drop us a line soon. Yours till the day we are married. P.S.—If Helen draws us we are both twenty-three."

"Our General . . . can drink a dozen cocktails in an hour"

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NICE helpful Army, isn't it? Don't know howHelen'd ever draw a line without it, I'm sure. And it keeps me nicely up to the foot-line, too. From the Army of Occupation (Irish) this: "Schönes, Blanche,—We are most awfully cross with you. You seem to think those people on the Rhine are the only troops in Germany. Nobody remembers *us* at all, yet here we are, out in the wilds of East Prussia, doing our duty, of course, like all our gallant troops, and all that sort of thing, the while the worthy inhabitants decide whether they want to be Germans or Poles. A little letter from you, Blanche, would do us a lot of good, we don't get much amusement out here."

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BIT of a strain, you know, these "mentions." I mean, you can't always say "How *splendid* they are, dear things!" even if you think it, can you? But "occupying" East Prussia must be a much worse strain—from what I faintly remember of it.

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A POSITIVE rush of what someone calls obstetric drama, Pavlova returning next week, Lady Diana Cooper donning, now that April's here, the new rôle of editor, concessions at the Royal Academy about frames which are now admissible other than in gilt, Marchioness Townshend, once heroine of a *cause célèbre*, the latest "Society" playwright, the Guards' Household Brigade meeting taking place this month for the first time since 1914—a healthy beginning to a season that's going to be a record.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Economise !

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

[*The net result of the Prime Minister's famous letter to the Departments insisting on drastic reductions is that the Estimates are nearly six times as big as they were in* 1914. *Instead of encouraging discussion on the Estimates, Mr. Bonar Law has hinted that if they are not passed the Government would not hesitate to resign.*]

THE Estimates were rising fast,
Until the Premier at last
Sent the Departments this advice,
And strongly underlined it twice,
" ECONOMISE ! "

No detail was to be beneath
Attention or he'd show his teeth,
And little in the land was heard
Except that palpitating word—
" Economise ! "

In happy homes the People read
Of what the Premier had said,
And everyone believed it true
That we, at last, were going to
Economise !

" We shall not pass," the House declared,
" A single thing that can be spared,
The country's funds are overspent,
We're going to *make* the Government
Economise ! "

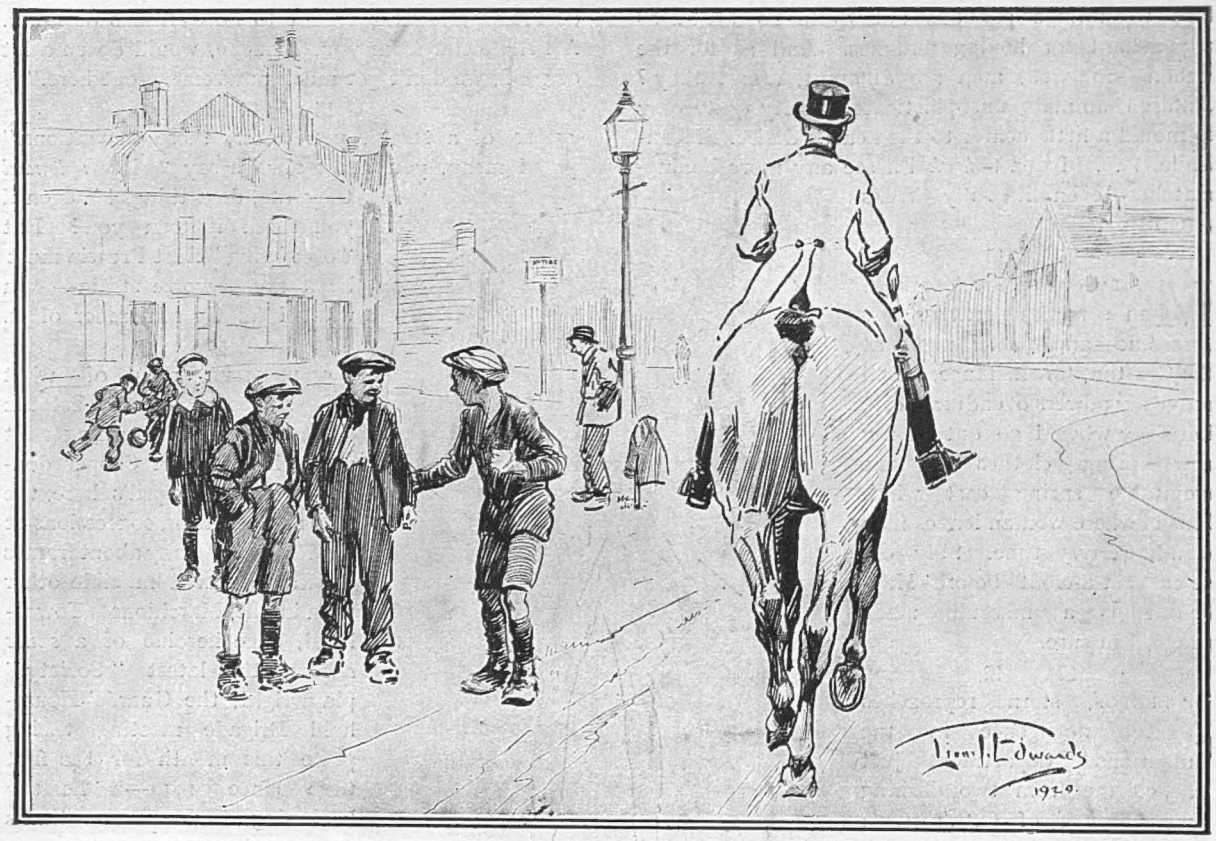
" But stay ! " a gentle voice replied,
" Estimates can't be brushed aside
Like that ; I make this last appeal,
You trust the Government and *we'll*
Economise ! "

" For if you won't I am afraid
There's little else that can be said,
You'll have to find another lot
Who may or who again may *not*
Economise ! "

The House was silenced and beyond
Some baiting of Sir Alfred Mond,
The subject dropped, though here and there
A feeble cry would rend the air—
" Economise ! "

A charwoman it was who found
Lying unheeded on the ground
The Premier's letter to Whitehall
Containing that clear bugle-call,
" ECONOMISE ! "

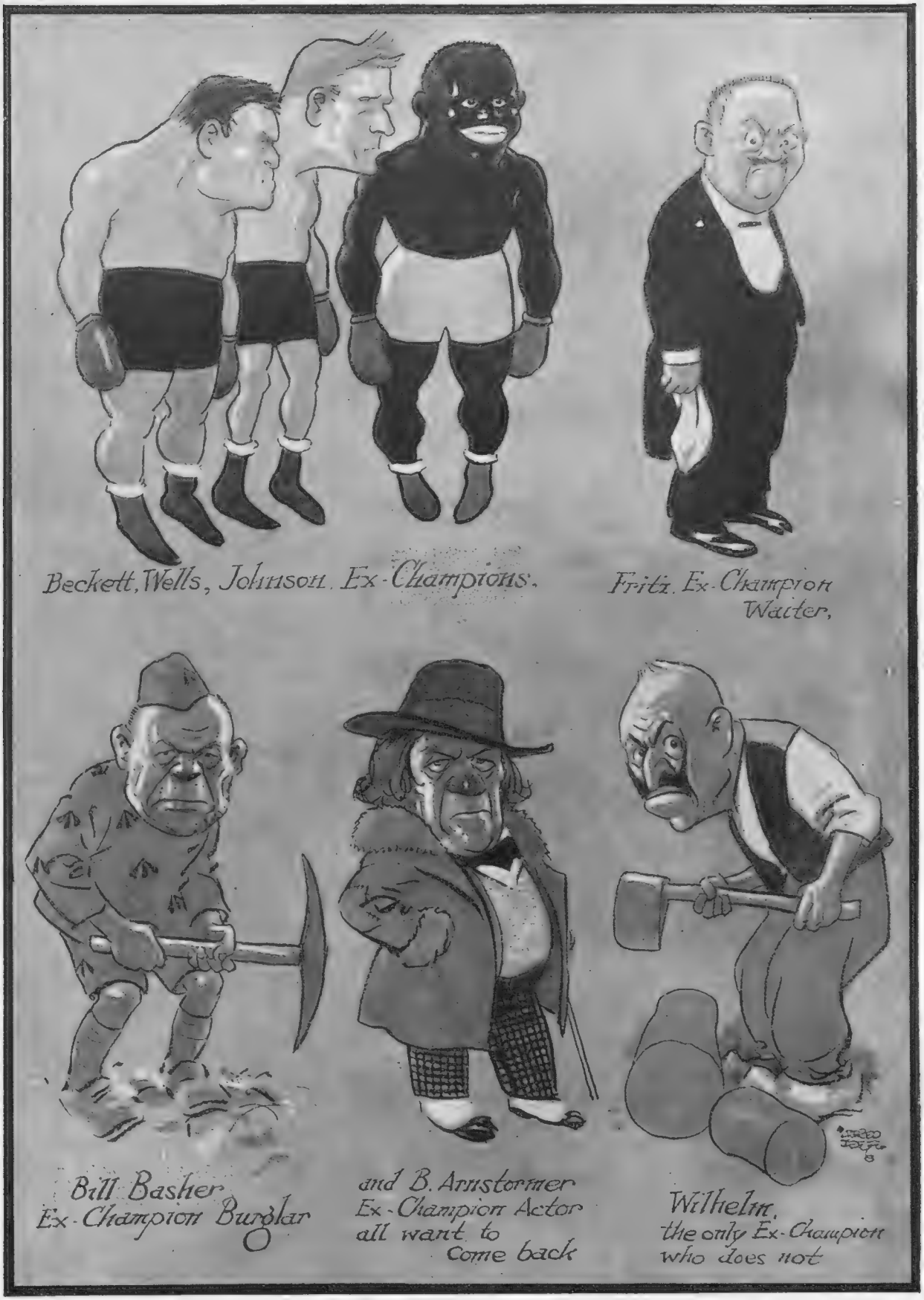
There on the dirty floor it lay,
A pledge forgotten in a day,
And from the woman came a laugh,
" O yus ! I *don't* think ! They'll—not 'alf—
Economise ! "



THE KICKER'S BADGE — By Lionel Edwards

First Small Boy: "What's 'e got a red ribbon in his 'orse's tail for?"
Second Small Boy: "Why, silly! So as they can tell who the 'orse belongs to when he falls off!"

The "Come-Back" Fever



BY ALFRED LEETE

SOME WHO WANT TO—AND ONE WHO DOESN'T

Oddities and Oddments

BY LAURA WILDIG

HOW LONDON SHOPS

GRIERSON'S WAY

At the Ambassadors Theatre

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS play was first produced twenty-two years ago, and if any young lady should be frank enough to admit that she saw it then, common prudence will prompt her to add that she was, of course, only a child at the time. It is true, the play is not exactly one for children, even in these advanced days, and was still less so twenty-two years ago; but I have done my best to help the girls out of the difficulty, and they must now do their own polite prevarication. The scene is laid in the sitting-room of Grierson's flat in Chelsea. Grierson is a middle-aged musician, very much in love with Pamela, the daughter of a talkative old sea-captain named John Ball. Captain Ball is delighted at the idea of a match between Pamela and his old friend, the little discrepancy of years in the case being, apparently, not worth consideration.

THEN we have Philip Keen, a remarkably able performance by Mr. H. V. Esmond. He is a cynical young man, who wanders in and out of the scenes with the air of an up-to-date Mephistopheles. Philip Keen was once a great violinist, with the world at his feet; but having had the misfortune to lose his left hand, his public career has come to an untimely end. Instead, therefore, of taking up the study of some other musical instrument which can be played with one hand, such as the bass drum, for instance, he merely devotes himself to the study of the drink question from the inside. And when he is sober, he drifts into Grierson's flat and says bitter things just for the sake of unkindness. He himself is in love with Pamela, but, having no future, he cannot very well press his suit. Sometimes Keen's remarks are based on facts. He knows, for instance, and hastens to communicate to Grierson, the dismal truth that Pamela has already given her love to a soldier-boy, who is, unfortunately for her, a married man, and there will, therefore, be no official father to the child of her expectation. I don't know how Keen found out this interesting detail, but I expect he overheard it on the telephone.

KATHLEEN NESBITT AS PAMELA

KATHLEEN NESBITT AND FRANKLIN DYALL

GRIERSON is, however, so much in love with Pamela that he is quite willing to overlook her little lapse from grace. Besides, he now feels it his duty to marry her so that her child may have a name. For this reason Pamela marries him, though she cannot banish from her mind the memory of her soldier-boy; and she tells her husband the truth with charming frankness. He hopes that time will enable her to forget this misplaced attachment; and so he takes her to Italy and places like that for a picturesque honeymoon. They are away two years, and when they return we find the baby resting on a sofa while Grierson is talking to it as he dutifully unpacks his indifferent wife's trunks. Myself, speaking as a child in these matters, I should have thought that a girl in Pamela's position would have felt something like gratitude to the man who had rescued her from her horrid little tangle, but Pamela has never ceased to think of the soldier, and she regards her husband as a mere interloper, who has butted-in and spoilt a very pretty romance.

AND yet Grierson does all he can to please the wayward little lady. Since their marriage, for instance, he has given up playing his beloved violin because Pamela does not like music. It is true that she does once ask him to play something, but that is only because she probably can't help feeling that she has overdone the selfish stunt a little. Grierson is the most submissive husband that you can imagine. He minds the baby and folds up the clothes, and you get the idea that if he thought it would please Pamela he would light the fire and do the washing-up. But who can command love? Pamela is properly grateful to Grierson for all his kindness and that sort of thing, but, with the image of her soldier-boy always before her, how can she feel any love in the romantic sense for a man almost old enough to be her father? It isn't done! And when all at once Captain Murray, the fine, upstanding soldier-boy in question, drops into the flat, Pamela, after struggling with such fragments of nice feeling as she may possess, lets fly at poor old Grierson, good and hard.

SHE tells Captain Murray that the child on the sofa is his, and then she turns to Grierson and tells him that he can never be anything to her, because she has never ceased to be in love with the father of her child. And poor old Grierson takes it all lying down. He doesn't

AMBROSE MANNING AS CAPT. J. BALL

throw anything at her, or push her into the mantelpiece, as some husbands would have done, but just looks as if he is extremely sorry he isn't giving satisfaction, but will try to lead a better life for the future. In the next act Philip Keen strolls on the scene again, and makes one or two useful suggestions. To begin with, Captain Murray is now a widower, and he would be free to marry Pamela if it were not for the fact that Grierson persists in selfishly obstructing the road to their happiness. But if Grierson would not mind killing himself, just to oblige the young couple, there would then be no further obstacle to their union. We are not surprised to find that Grierson yields before the merciless banter of Keen.

Any little thing like that, of course!

And, as it happens, Keen has got a dose or so of poison that he doesn't happen to be using at the moment, and, like a true friend, he will cheerfully place it at Grierson's disposal. As a matter of fact, Keen does not expect things to turn out in the way he has indicated. He is the kind of man who, if he cannot get the girl himself, does not want any other man to get her. There is method in his insane prompting to suicide, and it becomes clear, later on, that he has worked out the right answer to the problem in advance.

He knows enough of women to believe that, however cold and selfish they may be, there must be some way or another of getting at what they call their hearts. This sounds dreadfully personal to the ladies, I know, but then, Pamela is doubtless a quite exceptional type. Keen's conjecture is the right one. When Pamela finds that Grierson is dead, and thinks she knows why he died, he becomes more to her in death than he ever was in life. She is inconsolable, and, what is more, she is not at home to Captain Murray.

The story is nicely psychological without being obtrusively emotional. Grierson is very ably represented by Mr. Franklin Dyall, and it is not his fault if he is the very apotheosis of the henpecked. It is a fine, convincing performance, saved by its very artistry from being, as it might well have been in less able hands, just a little ridiculous. Miss Kathleen Nesbitt, as Pamela, is admirable in every way, especially in the tremendous scene in which she confesses she has no love for the man who married her to save her from the stigma of shame. Of Mr. Esmond (who is also the author of the piece) I formed the impression that he is a very great actor indeed.

The play may well be popular with the ladies, though, if it should spread abroad the notion that there is quite a convenient supply of middle-aged men, who can be readily relied upon in a distressing emergency to follow Grierson's way, it would be only a kindness to dissipate the rosy illusion here and now. JINGLE

Nearing the End

Mr. Lionel Edwards' spirited drawing shows an incident which occurred a few days ago in the hunting horn will soon

in the Hunting Field

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

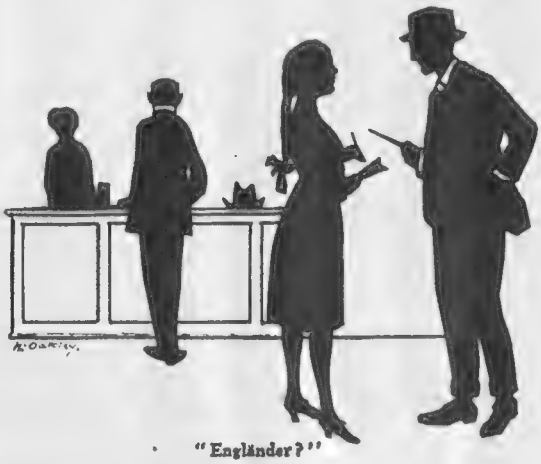
the Atherstone country. Agriculturists are now getting busy on the land, and the sound of be stilled until next season

"Mea Culpa, Mea Maxima Culpa"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

PSST! Kellner—bringen Sie mal sackcloth and ashes, and a stool of repentance for one—schnell! The B. in O. would fain repent, retract, and withdraw. It was only in his last effusion that, in a mood of super-generosity, induced, perhaps, by having found a little restaurant which gave him a fresh lobster of surpassing delicacy of flavour for a hundred and fifty marks, that he admitted the possibility of some Rhinelanders possessing amiable qualities. It was a lie; he was the victim of an illusion—or a lobster.

THE explanation is simple. He has been overcharged. Only yesterday did it happen. He purchased a pencil which, as the Cologne shopkeeper shall learn to his cost, is mightier than the sword. For that pencil he paid fifty pfennigs, and when, before telling him the price, the flaxen-haired Fräulein remarked interrogatively, "Engländer?" he guilelessly responsed "Ja," rejecting the thought that his German was anything less than perfect, and priding himself that it was the superiority of his Whitechapel cut over that of the Schildergasse which had betrayed his nationality.



"Engländer?"

IT was only when he got home, and examined his pencil—it was quite a good one—that he discovered stamped on it "25 Pfg." Clearly he had been robbed of a considerable sum, and, his Scotch blood rising to the surface, he stamped up the Hohestrasse to demand an explanation.

It was given readily. Yes, he had been charged twice the usual price of the pencil because he was a foreigner. No, not because he was of Entente nationality—a Dutchman would also have been charged that, for the "Behörde"—the all-powerful "competent authority"—had recommended such a course to prevent the "out-buying" of their own country through the present low value of the mark. In vain did that blue-eyed Fräulein smilingly remind him that he had obtained for under a halfpenny a pencil that would cost him threepence in England; a German would have obtained it for under a farthing in English money (though twopence-halfpenny in German), and the B. in O. wanted to do the same.

IN vain did she point out that goods were vanishing from Germany with abnormal speed, and that the ever-falling exchange made it impossible to repurchase raw materials abroad with the proceeds of the sale. In vain did she tell him that if he were a soldier, or a British civilian official, the extra charge would not be made—being neither, and his German having failed him in his wrath, he merely reiterated the dread formula—"M.P.," and even ejaculated "A.P.M." But nothing upset the pleasant smile of that treacherous Rhinemaiden, so, being reluctant to call out the military to deal with an un-civil disturbance now that peace is ratified, he has taken the far more dignified revenge of exposing the woman in print—and will take good care that the exposure is brought to her notice—besides, her eyes were certainly very blue.

IMAGINE, then, his indignation on returning home in this frame of mind, to observe two hungry-looking street-Arabs approach two Tommies, loaded up with all the impedimenta of demob, with a plaintive—"Kamerad—nix Konrad Bouef?" To his great relief, "Konrad" was not forthcoming, but before he could intervene to protect those deluded men, they had laughingly handed quite a number of slips of paper, each bearing the promise of Cologne city to pay to the bearer "funf-und-zwanzig"—the very sum of which he had been defrauded.

ERIC GORDON.

By H. L. OAKLEY

"Two Tommies loaded up with all the impedimenta of demob."

The Soviet and the Serviette

BY HEATH ROBINSON

A PHASE OF BOLSHEVISM IN THE HOME

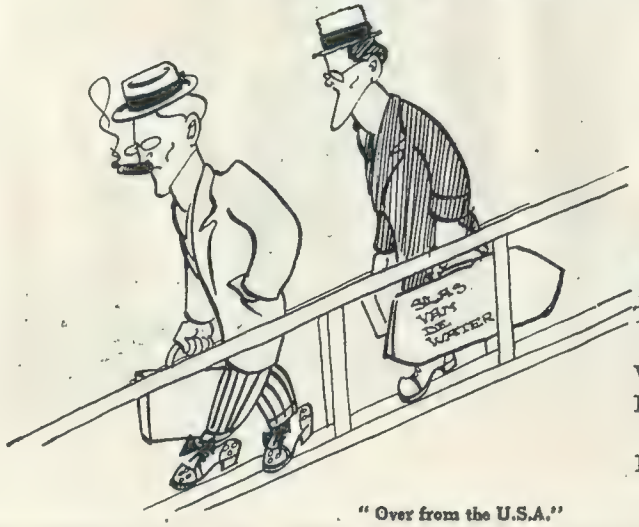
A SPRING SONG

BY HARFORD WORLOCK
Sketches by A. H. D'EGVILLE

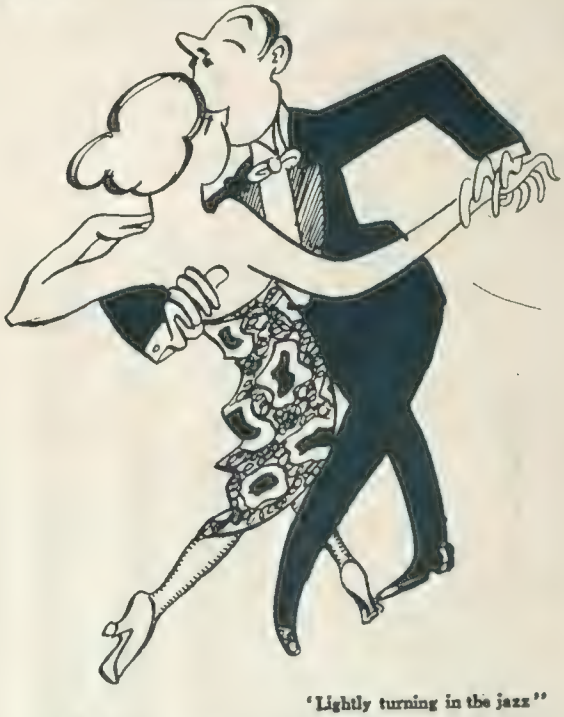
"IN the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love,
In the spring a livelier iris
Changes on the burnished dove."
So a laureate once did sing
Of the coming of the spring,
And it means in other words,
In the spring a young man turns a
Gladder eye upon the birds!

"In the Spring a young man's fancy"

THIS is Leap Year, so the poet
Must reverse the line and sing,
"When in love a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of spring!"
And each maid, when April's come, per-
Forms, quite wrapt up in her jumper,
Corybantic measures as
With a spring her young man dances,
Lightly turning in the Jazz.



"Over from the U.S.A."



"Lightly turning in the jazz"

WHEN the days are getting warmer,
And the wintry blizzards stop,
Then the spring a young man's fancy
Turns to is the other hop.
For when we have sunny skies
Every day the glass will rise,
But (let this be gently sung)
If the spring the young man fancies
Isn't water he'll be "sprung!"

"Every day the glass will rise"

MARCH'S winds and April's showers
Bring us on the first of May
Thronging myriads of Mayflowers
Over from the U.S.A.,
Where spring chickens all have docked tails,
For they mayn't be seen with cocktails,
So upon the other side
In the spring the Wester' fancy
Turns toward our Easter' tide.

One of Those Things

WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN OTHERWISE EXPRESSED

BY BERT THOMAS

BUTLER (*announcing, at fancy dress ball, ladies in evening dress*): "Two ladies of no particular character!"

"SIGNS OF

BY WILMOT LUNT

SPRING"

The End of the Season: A Meet of the Hounds in Our Village

BY H. L. OAKLEY

Our artist wishes to apologise for any mistakes in drawing that may occur and hopes they will be put down to the unsteadiness of his seat, mounted as he was, on a "flier." In addition to the distinguished members of the Hunt will be seen (if one cares to look) a number of notable Lads of our Village including the Parson, the Publican, the Postman, the Policeman, the Curate (and family) the Schoolmaster, the Oldest Inhabitant, the Blacksmith and the Village Idiot

By C. E. B. Bernard

"AND HE THOUGHT HE WOULD SPEND A QUIET EASTER IN THE COUNTRY!"

Gardening Notes

BY A. P. HERBERT

As I write the sun is shining in my little garden; the birds are singing; the tender grass is shooting up its little shoots, and I notice that the *Aruaca Viridensis* is in sprout. It is time for us gardeners—for we gardeners—for us gardeners—to be bestirring ourselves. A few hints may not be out of place.

SOWING THE LAWN

Now is the time when many hortiphilists reinforce their lawns with new seed, not because they really need it, but because it is good for chucking the seed about. The first rule about sowing grass-seed is not to have a man staying in the house. If you do he will want to throw the seed about himself; he will know much better than you do the right way to throw it about, and in the end, if he is a determined man, as guests usually are, he *will* throw it about. It is, therefore, unwise to carry the seed in an open bowl, since in the event of a physical struggle for the seed there is some danger that most of it may be spilt into the pansy-bed; and though grass-growing on a lawn is one of the gifts of God, grass-growing on a flower-bed is a weed. This, as someone has acutely observed, is one of the curiosities of Nature.

SCARING THE CROWS

When the seed is sown, the next thing to do is to put up the scarecrows, or, rather, to prevent your guest putting up the scarecrows. Unfortunately, there is little doubt that he will have all kinds of foolish and fantastic ideas about scarecrows. Short of deliberate rudeness or physical violence, it will be very difficult to prevent him from covering the lawn with uncouth erections of sacking, crowned with what he regards as your *old* bowler hats; and once a man has actually embodied one's hat in a scarecrow, there is a certain delicacy in explaining that that is the hat one wore to the office yesterday and proposes to wear to the office to-morrow.

By Heskeath Daubeny

PORTRAIT OF A SHEPHERDESS TENDING HER PHLOX

The only thing, therefore, is to divert the attention of the guest to something else; and I find in practice that one of the best diversions is a small apple-tree. When I am about to sow grass-seed, I usually buy a small apple-tree at the same time as the seed. The man who is staying in the house always has views about planting apple-trees, and when I want to put up scarecrows I let him plant the apple-tree. This means that he has to dig for a long time. He has to make a very big hole, and the hole—as brother gardeners may have noticed—is never big enough. While he is making it bigger I put up the scarecrows.

There is one type of scarecrow

GARDENING NOTES (*concluded*)

By Dyke White

SPRING SHOWERS BRING FORTH—ORANGE-BLOSSOM

which is now having a vogue on West London lawns.

It is made with a potato and feathers. When the wind works on the feathers the potato revolves and frightens the birds.

In practice I have found only two objections to the potato scarecrow:

(1) The potato does not revolve.

(2) It does not frighten the birds.

It does, however, have the effect of attracting large numbers of birds into a small area, where the little creatures may be destroyed by machine-gun fire.

CUTTINGS

The sowing of seeds, however, is a simple sport compared with the planting of cuttings. The first rule about planting cuttings is not to have a man staying in the house. From time to time I have a good many men staying in the house, and it is quite extraordinary how offensive a nice, mild-mannered guest can be about the way in which you plant your own wall-flowers. I have a man in the house now. I give him the best of food; he has a light beside his bed; and on the whole he seems to appreciate being here. But when I plant a wall-flower or a primrose-root he seems to lose his balance altogether. Plants, as I have often explained in these notes, are highly susceptible to any mental disquiet in the person planting them. Wall-flowers planted by an irritable man, or a very nervous man, or an infuriated man, usually develop Wart Disease, or, in bad cases, the Greater Bunt. And when somebody is standing behind you explaining that you are doing them too thin or too thick or too shallow or too deep, they are almost certain to have the Greater Bunt.

The only way out of this is wood-chopping. The connection between wood-chopping and gardening may not be immediately obvious, but it is a real one. It is safe to say that there is no living man who (*a*) does not prefer chopping wood to planting wall-flowers; and (*b*) does not think he knows how to chop wood better than any other man. The first stage, therefore, in planting cuttings is to begin chopping wood. The man staying in the house will stand and watch you, with growing irritation and impatience. Don't take any notice of him at first, and don't take any notice of his stupid suggestions. When he says that he spent six years wood-cutting in Canada, don't say anything; go on chopping. When he starts putting his hand on the hatchet, and saying, "Let me show you . . . ." don't let go. Hit him on the head, if you like, but let him get properly worked up. And only when he is clearly on the point of losing his self-control, hand over the hatchet and let him show you. Then you can sneak off and plant the wall-flowers. This stratagem must not be confounded with the apple-tree stratagem, though there are points of similarity between the two.

By Harry Woolley

"WHAT'S THE GET UP—HOT CROSS BUN?"

WATERING

On the whole the best part of gardening is watering. In no other way can one make a really good mess with so little effort. And if we cannot all possess one of those jolly revolving things which waggle round day and night on cricket-pitches and the estates of peers, we can all buy a length of pink hose at an ironmonger's, and fasten it on to the scullery-tap. One of the advantages of watering in this way is that unless you pay more water-rate it is against the law; at least, it would annoy the Water Board very much, if they knew; and I suppose that is against the law, nowadays. Also, it annoys one's neighbours very much, when they look over the wall and see you doing it; for they know very well that you don't pay any more water-rate than they do; only they daren't say so. So it is a good way of watering; and when the rabbits get out it is the only way of enforcing one's will upon them. If I didn't like flowers at all, I should go on growing them, so that I could keep a hose.

"Unavoidably Detained!"

BY FRANK R. GREY

GUSHING LADY *(in background)*: "I've just reached my eighteenth birthday!"
CYNICAL GENTLEMAN *(in foreground)*: "H'm! Wonder what delayed her?"

The Bystander in PARIS

MONEY AND MANNERS. *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

THE problems that face one are very grave. Our holiday of *Mi-Carême* being over one must turn to examine them. They are thus. One must pay the double price of the taxi-cabs or one must walk. One must dine in a restaurant *des cochers* or pay the luxury tax.

ONE must marry and have five children at once if one wishes to escape paying quarter of one's income to the Government. One must learn to play the fiddle or pay a tax on one's piano. One must marry one's cook or else pay forty francs to the *fisc*.

THESE are only some of our problems, but they are enough to think about at one time. Against the taxi-cabs the strike of the public still goes on. All day long they stand in long queues waiting, and make only twenty francs a day when they used to make hundreds. You know it is the French women who are the best strikers. If one sees a cab with his flag down one can be sure that there is a man inside. Though one must admit that the women are not so particular that one should pay the double tariff when it is someone else who pays.

"One must dine in a restaurant des cochers"

THERE have been many like my uncle Paul who have had to think seriously whether they would marry their cooks to prevent having to pay the tax as well as to be ruined by the high wages one must pay for anyone who can cook an egg more ways than three.

PAUL says that he has decided not to do it because the nature of woman is such that if she is a wife she will forget that she is a cook and will want to dine every evening at the restaurant instead of to prepare her husband's dinner. That reason is probably perfectly true, but I have also seen his cook and can well understand how he has thought that it would be, after all, easiest to pay.

THE only really happy man of our circle whom I know is Dominique, of whom I once wrote to you that he goes to marry a widow with three children. He has asked her to marry him because she had an apartment of her own, and, therefore, there would be no landlord to raise the rent, and now he discovers that because he will have three children he will not have to pay so much income tax, and can have one *bonne* without having to pay the forty francs.

"The French women are the best strikers"

THERE is much sense in that, but Dominique has forgotten how much more than his taxes he has paid for *bon-bons* to make friends of the three children who will save him so much. Like marrying one's cook it is, perhaps, that in the end he will not make so many economies.

IT is to everyone a marvel how anyone else ever has any money after he has paid all his taxes and the price of a dinner. But somehow you know it is just the other way. Everyone except oneself has always more money than he ought to have. There are, for example, the people who go to the Opera. *Flute!* Till I have gone with Hélène the other evening I have never realised how much our France is changed with the War.

(*Continued on page 924*)

BY MARCEL PONCIN

EASTER BELL

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"To marry their cook to prevent having to pay the tax"

EVEN in the old days we were not very well behaved at the Opera. Especially when the music was loud one could have a nice flirtation and chatter. But these new *habitués* of the *places de luxe!* It is certain that they do not go to the theatre to hear the music. Oh, no! Already they know it better than the singers. They are very cultivated. They know all the music of Manon and Werther, and they sing it or whistle it just to help.

THERE has been a man and his fat wife who have sat in front of us who have been so industrious. It was only them we heard making a duet of *Clair de lune*. How they enjoyed it till Hélène, who has more courage than I, has leaned forward, and said: "Monsieur, though your performance is excellent, it was not to hear you sing that we have come to the opera."

AND then the *entr'acte!* For me I preferred their family histories, and the furnishing of the new apartment to the absurd emotions which the opera has aroused in these æsthetes. *La politesse*—it is the discretion, but, if it is, it goes to disappear among our French people. In future, I shall go only to the cinema because there at least one does not suffer from the musical emotion of one's neighbours.

"BUT who are these people?" Hélène has asked when we have gone home. They are our war babies. Not the big profiteers who have now an apartment in the Avenue de Bois, but the little rich who have succeeded to make march their *petites affaires* and are not yet quite used to spend twenty francs where before they spent twenty *sous*.

IN the restaurants one meets them also. How they enjoy to pick their teeth and to make toasts when they have begun the second bottle of wine. They spend more for their *déjeuner* than they used to spend for a whole week, and they enjoy it with so much noise. It is regrettable because to hear them one forgets to enjoy one's own *déjeuner*, and loses one's sense of humour.

IF only it could be managed that they should pay all our taxes for us, because they take all our money with their double prices for everything in their shops! Then one might allow them the pleasure when one went to buy anything, to give us their rendering of the part of Mephistopheles instead of having to hear them at the Opera at the same time as our best singers.

AND I have another grievance. Because I received yesterday the paper of my income tax I have had the good idea to go to the races, and see if a horse for which I have had a sure tip could not win me the amount.

SOMEHOW the plan did not succeed, and all I have had for my money was the pleasure to see my landlord, who has increased my rent, touch three thousand francs on a horse which I had been assured had only three legs. Where is the justice?

Flute encore! Since I have written about that stupid horse I have read our newspaper, the *Temps*, of this evening. Listen what it says: "The remedy of our evils is in our spiritual and moral resources."

Tiens! I wonder if they will pay the tax on my piano.

PHILIPPE.

"A man and his fat wife"

"LEAP YEAR'S EASTER EGG"

BY NORMAN KEENE

Tarzan of the Apes—

BY HARRY ROUNTREE

—Wins the Monthly Medal!

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN.

DRAWINGS BY HIGGINS.

No. XXIII.—REGGIE ON ADMIRAL SIMS

"I WAS reading the other day, Reggie, that Admiral Sims . . . ."

"My dear old thing, in your loquacious and impulsive way you've taken the very words out of my mouth. I've had Admiral Sims of the U.S. Navy on my mind for quite some time past. It seems to me that whatever else happens, whether Lenin turns Quaker or President Wilson becomes a rampant Anglophil, it's time somebody on this side of the water girded up his loins and said the due and proper thing to the splendid little feller who's shown he's not a bit afraid of bearding Daniel in his den.

"If there were a couple of dozen Admiral Sims scattered over the American Continent I should really begin to have a faint hope for the future cheeriness and security of the world. But as there's only one of him it behoovers us, if I may so put it, to make the very most of him. Heaven knows, he's made the most of us, and it's not the English way to be behindhand in this sort of thing. I'll say that much for my quaint old country.

"Of course, one has to walk warily on a stunt of this kind. If one pats the Admiral too heartily on the back for his temerity in saying kind things about Britain, he's possibly quite capable of turning round and telling us to get to blazes off his quarter-deck, or words to that effect. But somehow I don't think it. He'll appreciate the friendly way in which it's intended, and won't think that, because we like him for being kind to Britain, we think he's any the less a good American. Great men don't make these sort of mistakes. And I regard Admiral Sims as the greatest American. Our cousins over the water are pretty good at finding out things. But he has made the greatest discovery of all of them. As an explorer he's nothing to be jealous of in Columbus. He's found out the startling truth that if you look at us good naturedly it's possible to find some good in England; just as in the old days some clever feller discovered there was still a little corn in Egypt. And, what's more, he hasn't hesitated to proclaim his discovery to the world.

"The fact is I've had my eye on Admiral Sims for quite a long time. My benison is very much overdue. When I was away at the War, in very foreign climes, where the newspapers used to wander along in horrid heavy monthly batches, I gradually became aware that somebody I'd never had the pleasure of meeting was making heartening little speeches about the British Navy and things. At first I thought it was a misprint or a hoax or something, never having struck anything of the kind before. But the phenomenon persisted, and I gradually became convinced that there really was a feller named Admiral Sims; that, moreover, he was an American, and that, even still moreover, he was handing out kind words to my country with every enthusiasm and no sign of *arrière pensée*. And I took him wholeheartedly to my bosom.

"'Pon me soul, I sat down one day in my little tent in the desert and nearly wrote him a letter. I got as far as 'Dear Sir, It has given me great pleasure'—and then, alas! words failed me. I realised that I wasn't being British. I remembered that that sort of thing wasn't done. I recalled that as a people we don't wear our hearts on our sleeves, but keep 'em tucked away in our tunics. I felt that if ever my un-English enthusiasm escaped the U-boats and arrived in the Admiral's hands, he'd be so flabbergasted that he'd think the British Empire was crumbling, and perhaps might even lose his nice opinion of us. So I tore up the incriminating document, scattered it in the sands of the desert, and went to the mess instead. There I mixed the nearest thing possible to a cocktail, and murmuring 'Blood is thicker than water' (though, 'pon me soul, I never quite understood what that meant), I drank to our gallant and faithful friend from overseas. I felt it was the least I could do. In fact I did it twice."

"And quite right, too, Reggie. But after all, you know, Admiral Sims is not the only . . . ."

"My dear ole thing, he's the only one I've ever noticed to any outstanding and perfervid extent. I believe that Admiral Sims was sent by Providence on to the American Continent to make it habitable in spite of our dear old friend William Randolph Hearst. Every dope has its antidope, so to speak. And when Tophet has reached out and claimed William R.

for its very own, and the Big Noise thereof is making him wave small Union Jacks and shout 'Rule Britannia' as a suitable torment, our little Admiral will be sitting up aloft as Perpetual President of a Celestial League of English Speaking Nations.

"The fact is he's the only American who practises what all England preaches. We are constantly being told by our vigorous and sturdy Press that we must love the U.S. as we love our breakfast bacon. Righto! I'm all for it. I'm ready to push the glad hand across the seas all the time. Having won the War together let's shake and be friends, and let bygones be bygones. Why should the enmities of Alliance in war be carried into the days of peace? But what our newspaper magnates forget to preach is a little reciprocity. It takes two to make a quarrel, but it also needs a couple to make it up. We can't always be shoving our flippers out if all our American friends do is to bite 'em. There's no sense in always giving the Glad Hand if the invariable answer is the Frozen Mit. Young Romeo can't always be hoisting himself up to the balcony if Juliet merely heaves the contents of the water jug over him. In short, a onesided passion is a wash-out.

"And that's where we are—or rather where we should be but for Admiral Sims. The Martians may or may not be trying to signal to us. But there's no doubt whatever that Admiral Sims has got our exact wave length, and is sending over great stuff at urgent rates. He bids us hold on at all costs. Like Sister Anne on the famous tower he can't see anything coming as yet. But he has hopes, and feels sure that one day there'll be two on the tower, and that the American League for Being Pals with England will manage to rake up a quorum.

"Until that glad time comes, dear boy, we must possess our souls in patience. Our saintly newspapers will continue to hand out slabs of good intentions the while the saffron Press of America assures all who care to hear that the British Isles—with the exception of Ireland—are peopled by the sort of individuals you wouldn't care to introduce to your mother-in-law.

"The invariable answer is the Frozen Mit"

"If any man can save the situation he can. In all the history of propaganda there's never been anything like it. Here we have one of the Big Chiefs of the American Navy telling his countrymen a little of the Truth about the Great War. Here we have dear old Josephus Daniels, who, when the U.S. Fleet sailed away, wasn't quite sure whether it was going to attack Portsmouth or Potsdam—here, I say, we have Josephus taking hard knocks day after day, and seeing horrid little skeletons raked out of their graves which he thought were safely buried under a mountain of prejudice. We have the incredible spectacle of an American Admiral sticking up for England, just because he feels it is good for his soul. And when Josephus, and McAdoo about Nothing, and all the other classical anti-British spell-binders, fiercely accuse Admiral Sims of being pro-British, what does he do? Does he wilt, and pray to be led out to the stake at once, so that he may expiate his horrid crime? Does he ask his country to forgive him, and explain that in his youth he was led away by evil companions? No, sir. He merely asks whether they expected him to be pro-Hun. And even dear old Daniels finds he's come to judgment.

"No, my dear old thing, it's about time this country ceased to be tongue-tied about one of the outstanding facts of the War. I know it's only our desire not to butt into a delicate situation which has prevented every burg in this country cabling to Admiral Sims and offering him the freedom of the city. But I refuse to lie down to it any longer. That little *billet doux* of mine is years overdue. It's Admiral Sims for me all the time, and I hereby offer him my humble tribute of admiration. To be one man against his own nation is no small thing. To proclaim that there's something in Old England after all is a brave deed. To tell the Big Chiefs of the U.S. that the British Navy had quite a lot to do with winning the War is heroic. But to pull the wool out of the eyes of Jos. B. Daniels, Secretary to the U.S. Navy, is sublime. If only London had a vacant site left for a statue . . . ."

"You'd erect one to Admiral Sims, eh, Reggie?"

"I believe I would. It would be a doubtful compliment, judging by the rest of 'em. But I'd like to see him standing there in Whitehall, opposite the Admiralty, with just a touch of Captain Kettle in his pose and on the plinth the inscription, carved very deep, so as to defy the ravages of all time: 'To the Best Pal the British Empire Made in the Great War'"

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A Dilemma of the Day

By W. E. Wigfull

VISITOR: "Whatever is the matter?"

THE OTHER: "I don't know what to do! If I buy new things, I shan't have any money left to go away with, and if I don't buy new things, what's the good of going away?"

Muddling Back to Monarchy

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

WILHELM THE WITHERED is coming into his own again. Or, perhaps, his mild eldest sonlet, who will be known as Kaiser Friedrich Wilhelm. They are being pushed into it. At first sight, it's the bad Monarchists. In one brief week the bad Monarchists put up obsolescent Hindenburg as Reichs-President; whacked French officers here and in Bremen; broke up Republican meetings in Passau and Osnabruck; expelled Pacifistic Professor Nicolai from Berlin University; and bawled down the Judo-Democratic Relativist Einstein. In short, the hated "Right," Tories, Junkers, and Militarists, are hard at work restoring the All-Lowest to his All-Highest throne. So say Germany's Democratic newspapers; and the tame British Press echoes them. But, after four months dull study on the spot, the Berlin Bystander replies: it is the mild Democrats, the tame Socialists, the tearful Independents, and the beerful Spartacists who are really (of course, without knowing what they're about) bringing Withered Wilhelm back into his own. And into other peoples' own.

HISTORY repeats itself not only in time, but also in space. Just as Bolshevism revived Monarchist sentiment in Russia, preparing for a new Romanoff, or, perhaps, for Tsar Bronstein the First, so it is blear-eyed Progressivism which give the strongest impulse to Prussic Monarchism. The Progressives pursue the Wilhelmian system of bureaucratic tutelage; they repudiate with reasonable fright their own programmatic Socialism; and—most important (for the Pruss is a born materialist)—they tax in reactionary direction. All Germany is disgruntled; the aspiring Junker because he's lost the trappings of Royalty; the genuine Radical-Socialist-Spartacist because he has its worser realities. So *der Tag* draws nearer, and no one wants to resist. It was a handful of soldiers and workmen, in a vast Monarchical but Prussically passive majority, that brought the Republic; to-morrow a handful of Junkers, in a vast lukewarmly Republican but Prussically passive majority, will restore the Throne.

DAMAGED Erzberger, who lately vanished into private publicity, recently let loose some Financial Legislation skilfully designed to please every Monarchist, and, incidentally, to produce for 1920 a fat, comfortable revenue of 25,000,000,000 marks, against a fat uncomfortable expenditure of 24,000,000,000. All these taxes work anti-proletarianly. True, they hit the rich, but they place on the exiguous poor a proportionately very much heavier load; and they embody certain new principles of anti-Labour doctrinairism at which even Tsar Bronstein would gasp Therefore Germany grumbles; no man can see how he'll pay his bills next Easter; or, as a ruthless uniformed punster from the British

(Continued on page 932)

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MUDDLING BACK TO MONARCHY (concluded)

Military Mission in the Behrenstrasse remarked to the Berlin Bystander: "The Pruss will make meat end, but he'll never make ends meet."

CHIEF vice of Erzberger's proletarian taxation is that in drawing up his sharply progressive scales, meant to penalise the rich, he forgot that the decorative Reichsmark has fallen to a twentieth of its gold value, and has not more than an eighth of its peace-time buying-power. Therefore thumping percentage taxes, which only a really wealthy man could stand, have been imposed on the poorest. In pre-War Prussia you paid Income Tax on all earnings over 900 marks, which was then £45. A few Prusses—agricultural labourers and domestic servants—escaped. It was an oppressive law. Benign Herr Erzberger raised the exemption limit to 1,000 marks. *That is, at present exchange,* £4. Now the minimum income in post-War Prussia is 12,000 marks. It follows that every man or woman who earns in a whole year enough to live on for a month will pay Income Tax. Even the plate-breaking kitchenmaid will pay.

BENIGN Erzberger's Property Taxes are equally proletarian. The big Levy on Wealth, to yield fifty milliards, which was boomed as a great scheme for making bloated Property pay for the War, exempts no fortune over 5,000 marks. That is, £20 gold. Worse still is the Tax on Increment of Wealth, which professes to make only those who profited during the War disgorge all wealth acquired during the War that exceeds 5,000 marks. But the pre-War wealth is counted in good gold marks, and the post-War wealth is counted in paper marks. So that a man who to-day has 20,000 paper marks, worth 1,000 marks gold, is heavily taxed as a War profiteer if before the War he possessed 10,000 marks gold. The Socialistic tax-planners forgot that the State, by repudiating its liability to redeem paper marks in gold, had already, without any tax, expropriated nineteen-twentieths of the citizen's wealth. Is it a wonder the small man grumbles, and vainly imagines that Withered Wilhelm would do him better?

MOST surprising of all is Erzberger's Consumption Tax, which has not become law. This tax fines, as needless, wasteful and sybaritic, small sums spent by poor men, but leaves untaxed enormously larger expenditure by rich men. Fourteen thousand marks a year, plus 10 per cent. of your income, is declared to be reasonable expenditure; any expenditure over that is "unnecessary" and "wasteful," and to be penalised by a heavy fine. Worked out, this means that the luxuries of a rich man who spends 214,000 marks out of a 2,000,000 marks income are formally declared to be necessary; whereas if a poor man with 30,000 marks a year spends over 17,000, he is fined and publicly held up as a waster.

IS there any wonder that the Prussic workman talks about "Unser Hindenburg," not to mention "Unser Kronprinz"?

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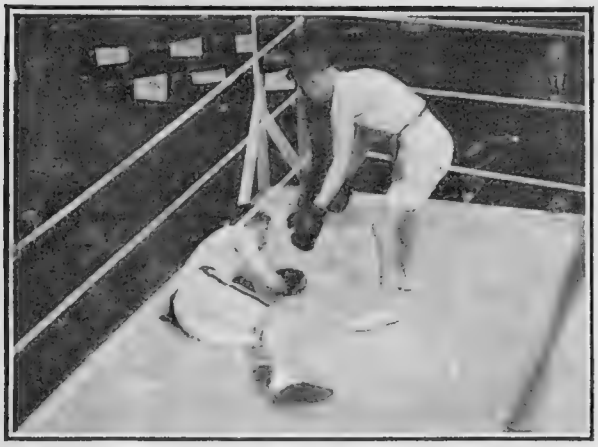
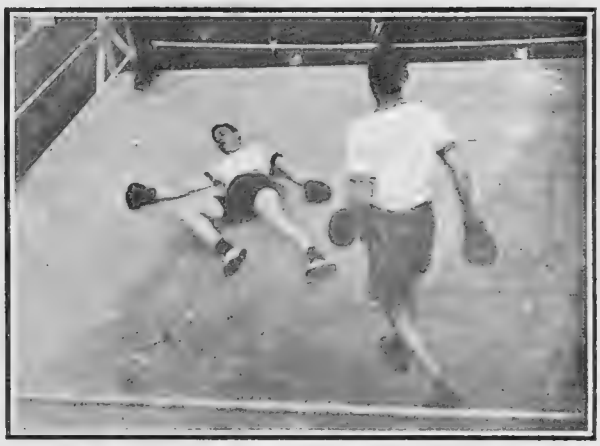
"England Expected"—and Not in Vain

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

The last of the season's Rugby International matches between England and Scotland was honoured by the presence of the King and also of Prince Albert and Prince Henry, and the game proved in every way worthy of being "set before a King." It ended, after a great struggle full of incident and excitement, in a win for England by 13 points to 4





AMATEUR BOXERS AT THE HOLBORN STADIUM

F. C. Clark (London School of Economics) (right), beats L. C. East (R.M.C. Sandhurst), in the Universities, Hospitals, and Cadets Welter-weight Competition. Clark was subsequently beaten by MacGregor, whose portrait appears below

C. M. D. Seagrim (R.M.A. Woolwich), winner of the Universities, Hospitals, and Cadets Middle-weight Competition, knocks out R. A. K. Hill (R. N. College, Greenwich), who went down twice in the first round, after which the referee stopped the fight

Photographs

M. MARTIN (United Scottish)
Beaten in the final of the Amateur Championship for Light-Heavy-Weights by H. Franks (St. Pancras), after a very even bout

Sport and General

I. O'B. MACGREGOR (R.M.A. Woolwich)
Winner of the Universities, Hospitals, and Cadets Welter Weights. His hardest bout was with Clark (above)

The Amateur Championships and the Universities, Hospitals, and Cadets Championships were held concurrently on Tuesday and Wednesday last

RUGBY FOOTBALL

England *v.* Scotland

THE big match at Twickenham between England and Scotland was certainly one of the most interesting encounters I have ever seen. How the scale was turned in England's favour by the really wonderful play of her half-backs, Kershaw and Davies, is now a matter of history, upon which I need not enlarge. Their task was not at all an easy one, either, for they were playing behind forwards who were only able to get the ball and heel it out to them very occasionally, but whenever this happened one felt that there was likely to be trouble for Scotland. When it was all over I could not help thinking how sorry the Selection Committee must have been that they chose Kershaw but not Davies for the match against Wales.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

That Crucial Twenty Minutes

EQUALLY admirable was the heroic effort made by the Scottish forwards to turn the game in the second half. For twenty minutes they were doing almost what they pleased with the opposing eight, and, if only their backs could have made full use of three or four of the many chances they were thereby given, there would have been a very different tale to tell. Not that the Scottish backs played badly. It simply meant that they were unable to depart from the ordinary straightforward game, and the English defence was so good that it needed something more than the ordinary straightforward game to beat it. But that was, indeed, a crucial twenty minutes, and it was not until Kershaw, by that audacious individual try of his, had put his side nine points ahead, with only about twelve minutes to go, that England's supporters began to breathe with something like freedom. It was altogether a fine match, and worthy of the Royal patronage accorded to it.

The Calcutta Cup's Origin

MOST people who follow Rugby football have heard of the Calcutta Cup as a challenge cup which is held for the year by the winners of England *v.* Scotland, but not many know anything of its origin, so that possibly some of our readers may be interested to hear about it. In the early days of "Rugger," some enthusiasts in Calcutta, who had emigrated from England to India, formed a club there, which flourished for some time. There was always, however, a good deal of difficulty in finding opponents to play against, and eventually, as this difficulty became more and more acute, the club had to be wound up. Financially it was quite prosperous, and when the question arose as to how its funds were to be disposed of, a suggestion was made and adopted that a challenge cup of Indian workmanship should

be purchased with them and sent home as a perpetual trophy for the winners of the match between England and Scotland, which was then the only International match in existence. This is how the Calcutta Cup came into being, and still provides a sort of "extra turn" in the contest for the International Championship for its two oldest competitors.

GOLF

Limiting the Championship Entry

I AM not surprised to find that a good deal of dissatisfaction has been expressed at the decision of the Committee of the Royal and Ancient Club, which is "running" the Amateur Championship, that no one is to be eligible to compete if he is handicapped to receive more than three strokes from the backmarker in any club to which he may belong. It may, of course, be argued that the number of cases in which this ruling will bar players who are really good enough to compete will probably not prove to be very large; but this does not seem to fit in very well with the other argument that the Committee's action will afford an opportunity for the revision of handicaps in many places where such a revision seems to be urgently needed. It looks, indeed, very much as if the Committee are trying to kill two birds with one stone—to limit the entries for the Amateur Championship on the one hand, and to bring about the desired revision of handicaps on the other—and that they may find that they have missed both.

Photograph *Sports and General*

J. C. F. SIMPSON

The young Oxonian, whose fine play was the outstanding feature of the Amateur Rackets Championship meeting at Queen's Club last week. He is also quite a good tennis and lawn tennis player.

An Unsatisfactory Test

IT should be quite simple for any club to "revise" the handicap of anyone among its members who is regarded—or even regards himself—as good enough to compete in the Amateur Championship, and it seems quite on the cards that if this is done to any considerable extent by handicapping committees who take an "elastic" view of the situation, not only will the entries for the Championship prove inconveniently numerous, but also that the last state of those revisions may, in some cases, be worse than the first. If a universal standard of handicapping, which could be made more or less obligatory

(Continued on page 973)

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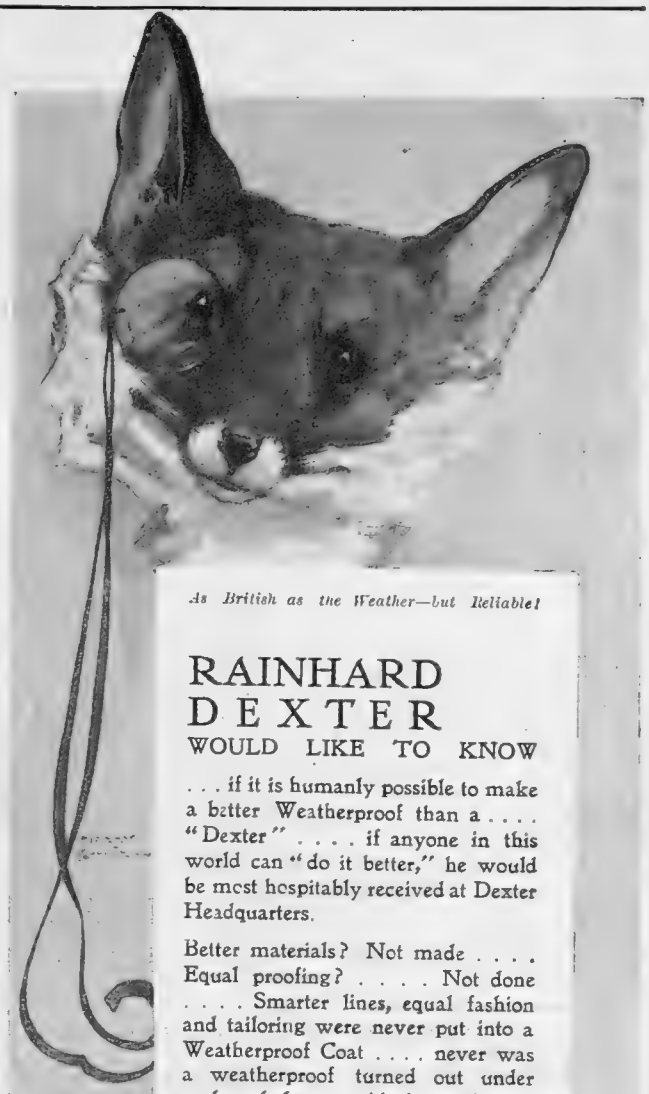

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

everywhere, were possible in golf, then the criterion set up by the Championships Committee might be quite sound. But since there is no possibility at present, and probably never will be, of setting up such a standard, any test of a player's eligibility for a competition which is based on his handicap cannot be wholly satisfactory.

LAWN TENNIS

America's New Laws

HENCEFORTH in America a server, from the moment he takes up his stand preparatory to serving until the moment when he strikes the ball, must keep both feet behind the base-line and one foot continuously upon the ground. This new law, in effect, does not differ very much from our law, but still there is a difference. Moreover, if the server attempts to hit the ball, but misses it altogether, he makes a fault. With us he simply serves again without penalty. Here, again, there is a slight difference,

Photograph *Sport and General*

H. DARSONVAL

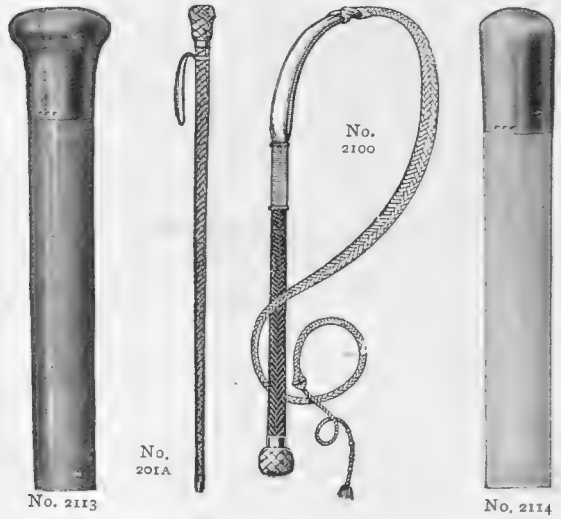
The French lawn tennis professional, who has recently beaten C. Hierons, the British professional champion, in a "home and home match," by 3 sets to 0, in Paris, and by 3 sets to 1 at Queen's Club.

A Counter-Attack

To make matters worse, the International Federation, of which England is a member and America is not, has recently met in Paris, and passed a resolution that the institution of an International Team Competition for ladies, on lines similar to those of the Davis Cup for men, is undesirable. The Americans have recently instituted such a competition, and, consequently, since the majority of the lawn tennis-playing nations are members of the Federation, it looks as if this competition will fall through. All these things combined have created an atmosphere of friction which might, by the exercise of a little patience and diplomacy, have been avoided. It really comes to this, that America has chosen a somewhat inopportune time for asserting her independence. H. S. S.

By Appointment to *H.M. the King.*

SWAINE AND ADENEY



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READING AND LONDON

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF WILTON

Both are enthusiastic followers of racing, and Lady Wilton's horses have been very prominent during the last few months. Lord Wilton is the owner of many well-known race-horses, all of which are under Tom Leader's care at Newmarket

A Good Send-Off

A BETTER send-off for the flat-racing season could not have been wished for than we had at Lincoln last week. The weather was much better than we usually get on the Carholme in the spring, and the meeting commanded all its old attractiveness. A few more outsiders than was pleasant for backers rolled home, but most people were wisely "betting light," waiting for the form to settle down a bit. No mistake was made in the Brocklesby Stakes. The winner was one of the hottest favourites for the race that I can remember. Although running a trifle lazily, Napolyon was travelling in great style at the end, and thoroughly justified the confidence that had been placed in him. Perhaps he will not train on so well as his stable companion, Lacrosse, the winner of this race last year, but he is undeniably a handsome colt.

Coming Events

Now that the Lincolnshire and the Grand National have been added to racing history, the talk is all of the City and Suburban on April 21, and the Jubilee two or three weeks later. For the former race, Paper Money first attracted attention, for the public does not forget what a good show he made for a long way in the Derby. But I understand that he has been giving his trainer some trouble lately, so I advise you to have nothing to do with him for this race until it is known that he is doing good work. Corn Sack is the next tip for the "City." I have a vivid recollection of his runaway victory at Doncaster last autumn, and am fully prepared to see him win a good race before long. There are possibilities that we shall have a Royal victory in the popular Epsom handicap, for we do not forget how easily Viceroy won on this course last season. The colt is well handicapped, and Epsom is proverbially the right track for a horse who is known to be possessed of moods. Diadem is another City candidate sure to have a big following in spite of her big weight. Her trainer kindly tells me that the mare shows as much dash as ever. You will realise, therefore, that the City and Suburban is likely to possess all its traditional interest.

The Jubilee

Among horses which are being discussed for the Jubilee is Perion, who certainly appears to be favourably handicapped at 7st. 7lb. He proved himself a really good horse last season, and the distance should suit him. Rizzio is entered both for the "City" and the Jubilee, and I am warned that he is sure to run well. It will be recalled that his career last season was abruptly curtailed by an accident. I know that Lord Rosebery's colt was highly thought of at the time. He is now quite recovered, and has been doing very satisfactory work at Weyhill for some time past, so I advise you not to lose sight of him in the race selected for him. The Manton filly, Ciceronetta, is also a likely winner before long. These are just a few fragmentary notes on these interesting handicaps. If you would like to take an early "double event" chance I recommend Viceroy and Perion.

Easter Attractions

Kempton Park, as usual, will attract its thousands on Easter Monday. The Queen's Prize will be the chief problem of the day. **White Heat**, I understand, is certain to run. Even on his best flat-race form he possesses an excellent chance, and I expect his hurdle-racing experiences will have resulted in his improvement, so I anticipate his success. An attractive event on Monday is the Lancashire Steeplechase at Manchester. I am writing these notes before the Grand National, but you can form your own opinion from the Liverpool running as to the chances possessed by Troytown, Silver Ring, and Clonree over the shorter distance. I shall not be surprised to see Mr. Percy Heybourn continue his recent run of success by taking this race with **Sippet Charlie.**

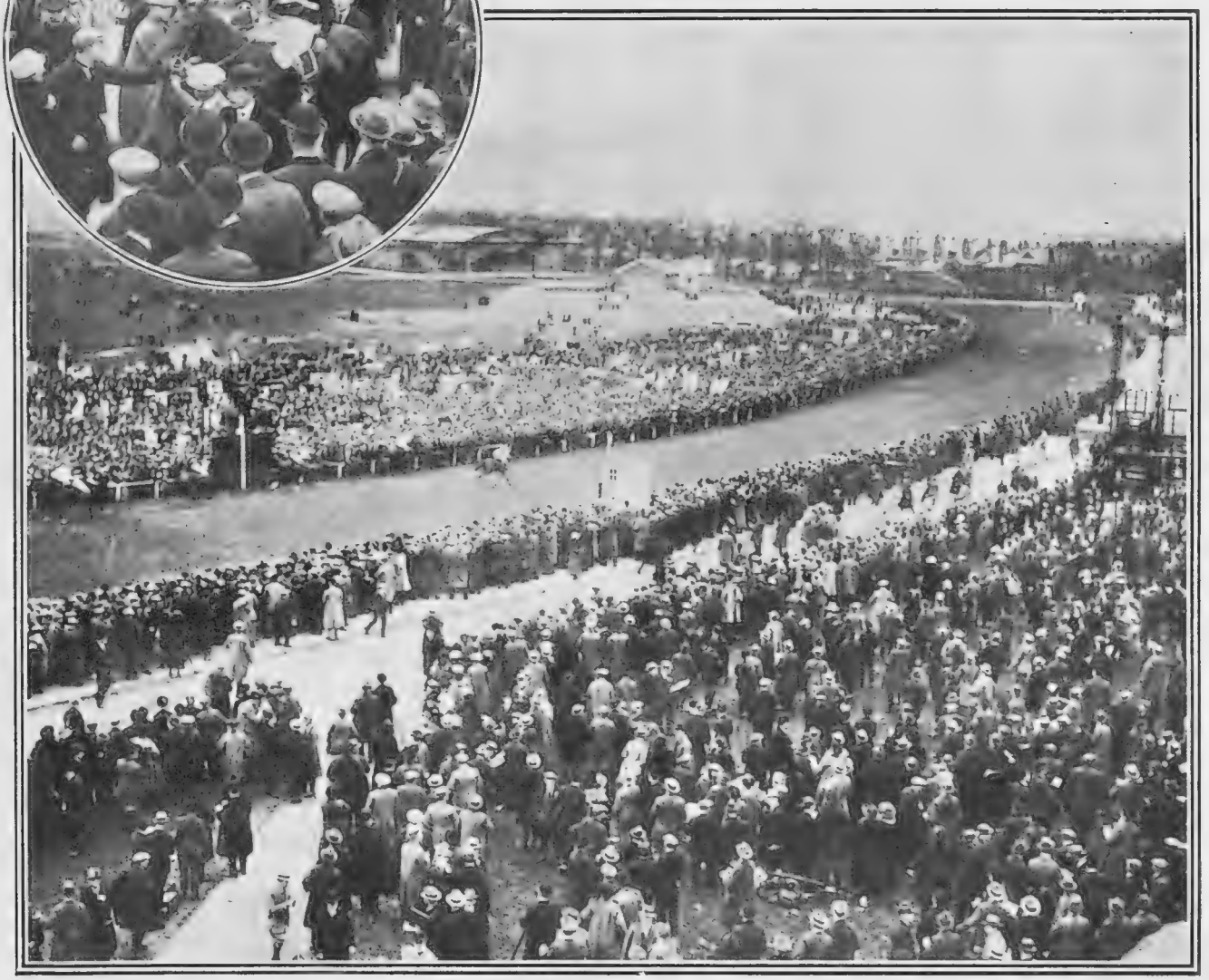
The Lincolnshire Handicap

A 33 TO 1 CHANCE WINS BY THREE LENGTHS AT LINCOLN

Photograph Farringdon Photo Co

THE FINISH OF THE GREAT RACE

Mr. C. Hatry's Furious (the winner) is seen with Lord Glanely's Scatwell and Mr. R. Thorburn's Monteith following



Photographs W. A. Rouch

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COURSE AT LINCOLN ON THE HANDICAP DAY AND (inset) FURIOUS, WITH ROBBINS UP, BEING LED IN AFTER THE RACE

FRILLS there are in plenty and customers galore, judging from the pecuniary results obtained by the numberless joint-stock caterers for the human form divine at all points of the metropolitan compass. Dividends ranging from 15 to 25 per cent., with share bonuses occasionally thrown in, have recently been declared by Harrods, of brainy Brompton; Whiteley's, down West; the "Bon," in breezy Brixton, and other emporiums, not forgetting Rotherham's, in "fevver" Shoreditch—about to raise its capital to £1,000,000. "Shop shares" are, accordingly, largely dealt in on the Stock Exchange, and I venture to hope that, as holders of such, my fair readers may "get back some of their own" by participating in the dividends, in the earning of which they so freely assist.

As to financial thrills, they are, for the moment, as scarce as snakes in Ireland, business in the Stock Markets having frozen up just when the climatic conditions are more suggestive of summer than of early spring. Excuses have to be found for this abnormal state of affairs, and the fear of dear money having been dispelled by the retention of the Bank rate at 6 per cent., the coming Budget is trotted out as the predominant scarecrow. I do not envy Mr. Chamberlain his stunt, and a surprise packet may be in store for us in the shape of income taxation, but the elusive eel gets reconciled to the removal of his cuticle, and, after successfully worrying through five years of War, we are not going to throw up the sponge in piping times of peace (?)

A DIAGNOSIS of the situation would be incomplete without a reference to the pinpricks irritating the public in general and contributing to the *malaise* of investors in particular. Foremost comes the steady increase in the cost of living, in lieu of the legitimately anticipated gradual return to the *ante bellum* level, and for this anti-climax we have to thank the futile restrictions still imposed upon trade by the powers that be. The natural result is the cumulative demand of higher wages by the working-classes, involving not only an increase in the cost of production, but a decrease in output through shorter hours of work. Things move in a vicious circle; it is a case of "The House that Jack Built" backwards, and it is to be hoped that Parliament will, without further loss of time, seriously and fearlessly tackle the problem.

By C. E. B. Bernard

GOOD EGG—FOR THE PROFITEER

THE "liveliness" in the Emerald Isle, the Fatherland's experiment in *hari-kari*, the strangulation of the baby League of Nations by Uncle Sam—all these are mere fleabites to the prohibitive cost of the necessaries of life in this and other countries. Its continuance is fraught with grave danger to the world, except, perhaps, the land of the almighty dollar, the universal provider going his own selfish way, and even there the claims of labour are frightening the profiteers. Let prices come down, and the whole position will automatically readjust itself, the checks on industrial expansion will be removed, and the currencies will return towards their normal level.

HAVING got this wheeze off my chest, I do not send out the S.O.S. signal, or wish to scare my readers off investments in securities old or new, the present period of very low prices being, on the contrary, particularly propitious. So uncertain is, however, the immediate outlook that the policy of the late lamented Mr. Micawber is, perchance, the wisest, and I prefer to await political and other developments during the impending Paschal holidays before recommending the purchase of any individual stock. THE BYSTANDER does not run to prospectuses, but there is *à boire et à manger* among the legions now marching past, and I would again advise discrimination in the attempt at spotting winners. The flat-racing season has opened auspiciously, but there must necessarily be many "also rans," and for the moment I have no "dead certs," either on the turf or on the Stock Markets. Search me!

SHYLOCK

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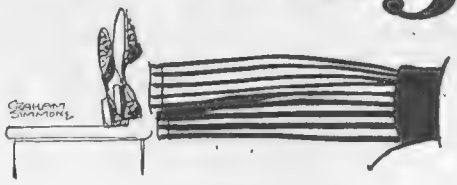
The Literary Log



Rolled by Ralph Straus

ONE of the most remarkable novels published this century was Mr. D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*, a story which raised at once the keenest admiration and a wide discussion. (So wide, indeed, that in an American psychological journal I have seen a thirty page article devoted to its central problem.) *Sons and Lovers* was an excellent title; it so exactly explained Mr. Lawrence's theme. There comes a time, he is attempting to show, when the mother is no longer first with her children. That, of course, is not an original discovery, but its tragedy had perhaps never before been so clearly shown. And how big that tragedy can be has only been realised of late years, when the psychology of the family has been worked out in such detail.

❀ ❀

THE modern young man and woman do not, I suppose, look on their mothers in the old way—at least not in books. In fact there are times when you feel inclined to agree with the Erewhonian theory that unborn children stupidly wishing to possess bodies are obliged to pester two people—harmless strangers—until they gain their desire. In which case it is small wonder that parents and children do not always "hit it off." Sometimes it is the children's fault, but sometimes the mother is to blame. The mother may be also the lover, the indiscreet lover, I mean, and that is a situation of which the older novelists were a little shy, unless the children were too young to know anything of such things. But in that topsy-turvy way in which things seem to get done in these Georgian times, it is the respect due to the children rather than that due to the parents about which the new novelists like to write. To-day there is a new Commandment, "Honour thy son and thy daughter. . . ." Two novels on this question of motherhood appear fortuitously in the same week. It would be difficult to find two books more strikingly different. Both, however, make amazingly good reading.

❀ ❀

MR. J. D. BERESFORD boldly labels his story, *The Imperfect Mother* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and as boldly attacks the problem. Mothers before now have run away from their husbands, and you have had that last harrowing scene often enough, when she has to tear herself away from her child—if she can. (In the older books she rarely succeeded, although I notice that the modern cinema film as often as not allows her to do so, with the inevitable bag in her hands.) But in Mr. Beresford's book you have the children—a boy and two girls—discussing the affair, even before it happens, with a detachment which is startling though by no means difficult to understand. Their mother, Cecilia, ought never to have married the little provincial bookseller who is their father, but she did—to spite her own father. And after twenty years she has had enough of it. Her children know that she is going off with the Cathedral organist. Had he but known it, her son Stephen could have prevented her, but at the critical moment she laughs, and as Mr. Beresford's psychological studies have taught him, a laugh being, as it so often is, the expression of an internal conflict, can be wholly misunderstood. Stephen is horrified. He misunderstands, and his mother goes off. . . .

By ARTHUR WATTS
BOOKS AND THEIR BUYERS
No. 3.—Bacon-Shakespeare

❀ ❀

HE meets her years later when her selfish "artistic" temperament has had full play, and there comes a moment when the work of that laugh in the past may be undone. Instead its effect is most skilfully carried over to Stephen's own love-story, and here you see the mother's tragedy stripped of its polite coverings.

❀ ❀

A POINT of criticism may arise about Cecilia herself. Could such a woman have "stuck it" for all those twenty long years? Stephen was undoubtedly the reason in Mr. Beresford's mind: is this reason strong enough? That you must judge for yourself. Otherwise it seems to me that this is the author's most interesting, though not his happiest, book, in spite of the fact that Stephen himself is a commonplace young man and his Margaret is not too sympathetic. What will be said of Cecilia herself, however, is another question. She is certainly imperfect. But she has her great moments and her tragedy and

THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

Mr. Beresford has woven his rather curious threads so skilfully together as to make of that tragedy a very fine thing.

⁂ ⁂

You remember a very celebrated, though not quite respectable, mother to whom the Censor took exception years ago? Her name was Mrs. Warren, and she had a profession, as Mr. Bernard Shaw told us, which was, to put it mildly, not quite "nice." But she had brought up her daughter, Vivien, exceedingly well, and Mr. Shaw rang down the curtain at a moment when Miss Vivie had determined to live out her own life alone and aloof. There was one person, however, whose curiosity was by no means satisfied with this curtain. He wanted to hear her subsequent history. Mr. Shaw was apparently ignorant about the matter. There was nobody able to tell him. And so this gentleman, whose name is Sir Harry Johnston, decided to find out things for himself, and in *Mrs. Warren's Daughter* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) he gives us the results of his researches.

⁂ ⁂

Sir Harry is not quite new to the game. He wrote *The Gay Dombeys*, which continued the history of *Dombey and Son* in a manner that was highly diverting, very outspoken and delightfully personal. Sir Harry's methods are entirely his own. In his new book he mixes up real people and Shavian people in a manner which simply disarms all criticism whatsoever. *Mrs. Warren's Daughter* is in consequence a whole lot of things. It is an illuminating and slightly biassed history of the Women's Movement in this country. It contains "Light-hearted Memoirs of London Society, 1900-1920." It allows Sir Harry to air his views on all manner of questions. It is also a most surprising account of a young woman who masquerades as a man.

Photograph *Sydney J. Loeb*

MR. D. GILLY

The French-Algerian baritone, who is singing in Grand Opera in English at Covent Garden

⁂ ⁂

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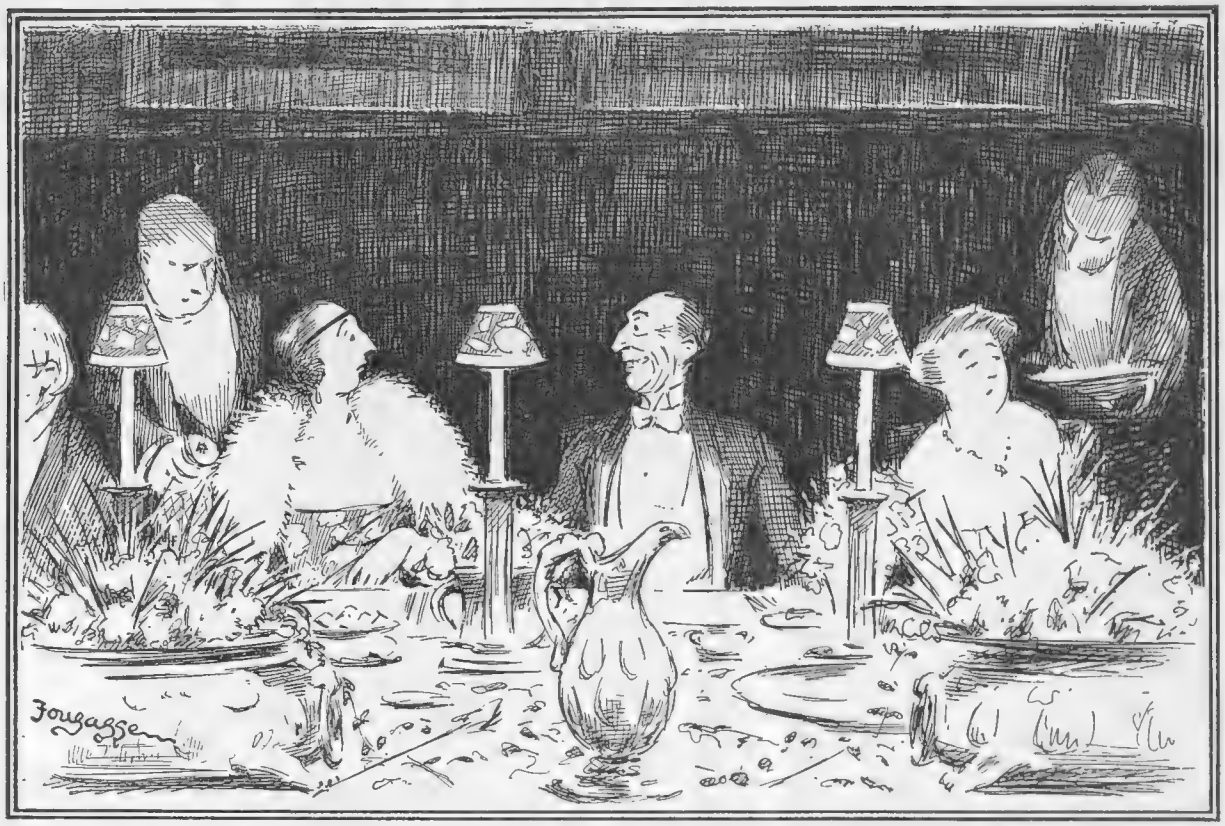
The Mr. Jones!



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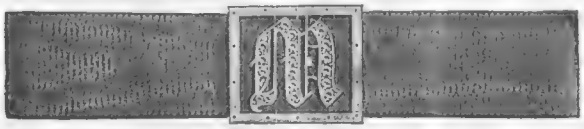

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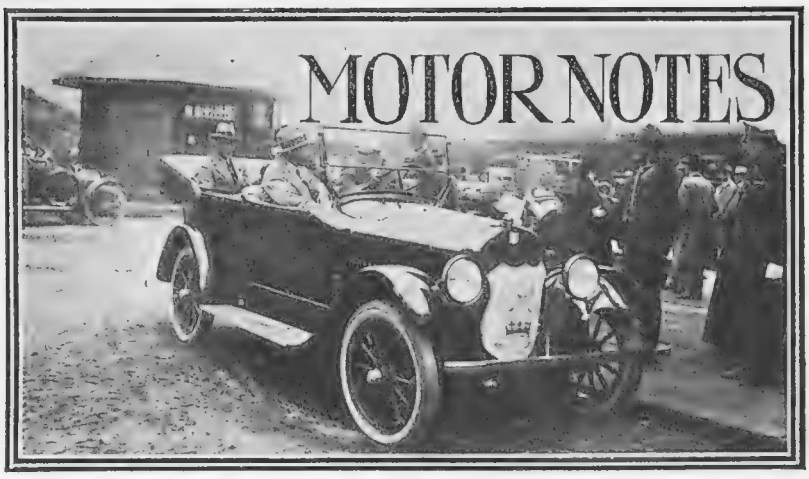
MOTOR NOTES



A REMINISCENCE OF THE PRINCE'S CANADIAN TOUR
The Prince of Wales driving through Alberta, Canada, in a Studebaker car

WITH one hundred and seventy different manufacturers — British, French, Italian, Dutch and American—all trying to make and sell cars to British motorists, one would not imagine that there could be much difficulty in getting a new car for the Easter holidays. Seventy-four of them are actual British makers, too, but, my word, it has been some job to borrow one for my Easter tour! Time was when the difficulty was to decide upon which manufacturer or concessionaire you would condescendingly accept a "mount" from; with a full tank, too, my boys and girls. Alas! I wait patiently for that period of prosperity, or should I say plethora, in cars to arrive again. But with more revolutions, rumours of rows that want to make the armament firms all busy again, just as we all thought we were getting comfortably back again to our peaceful habits of week-ends of fresh air and anything else obtainable, I am wondering whether most of us will live long enough to see it. Tell you who I did cajole to lend me a 'bus? No, no, not while I can defend my garage door, or else you might offer one of those fancy premiums that a certain motoring paper boasts are appearing in its advertisement columns, and get our order for delivery before I do the get-away act. But, jokes apart, do you realise what a large number of different makes of cars are being advertised for sale, or should I say for deposits? Of course, these include a large number of genuine concerns that will deliver the goods, but there are quite a number that I do not believe will ever mature, and I should like to know what those poor, deluded motorists who have parted with their money as deposits are going to do about it. As for the premium question, when the case of Ware and De Freville *v.* M.T.A. comes off in April (if it is not settled out of court), we all shall hope to know more about that side of the business. Anyway, I am not crossing any bridges before they come in my path, so will rest content in having obtained my 'bus, and will let you know all about it after the holidays, including the Brooklands meeting on Easter Monday.

* * *

THOSE fortunate individuals who can get away to Monaco for Easter look like having a topping time, as besides the usual attraction of the tables there is an excellent motor-boat and flying-boat programme arranged for them. In the first place, the British Motor-Boat Club has entered six boats, five international restricted 21-footer class boats, Angela III., Cockleshell II., Vienna IV., Toto and Vixen, as well as the 33-ft. Thornycroft-Brooke hydroplane, Crusader, owned by Mr. H. H. Hollingsworth, C.B.E., and to be steered by Commander Dr. Morton

(Continued on page 952)

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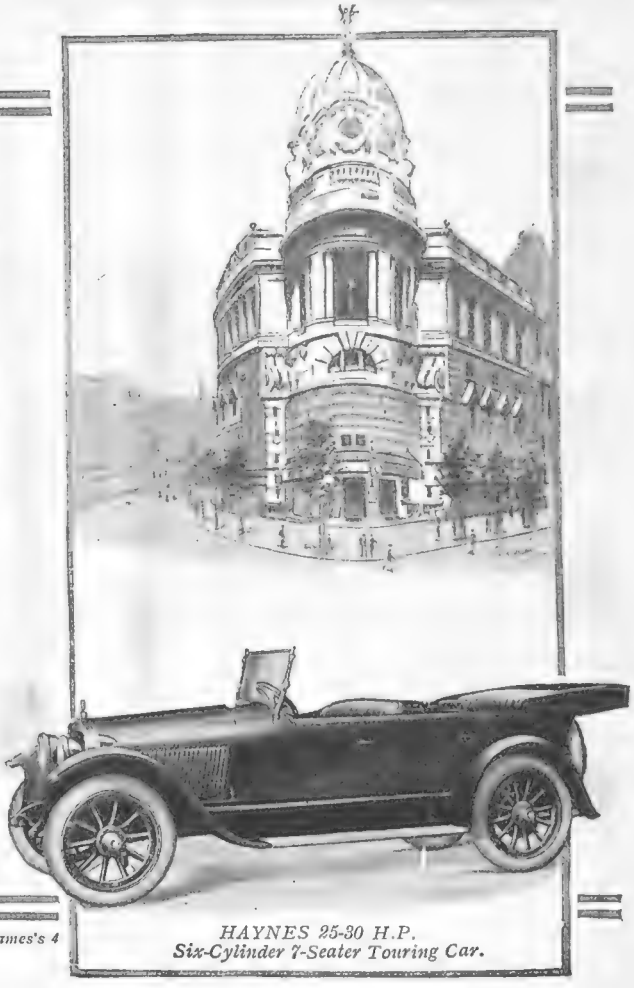

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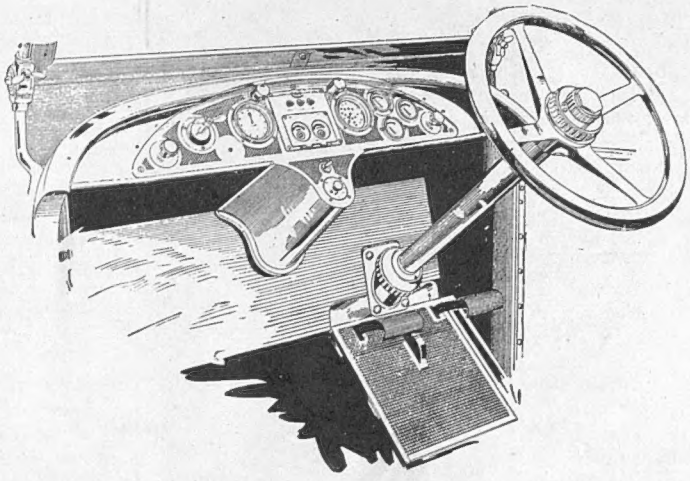

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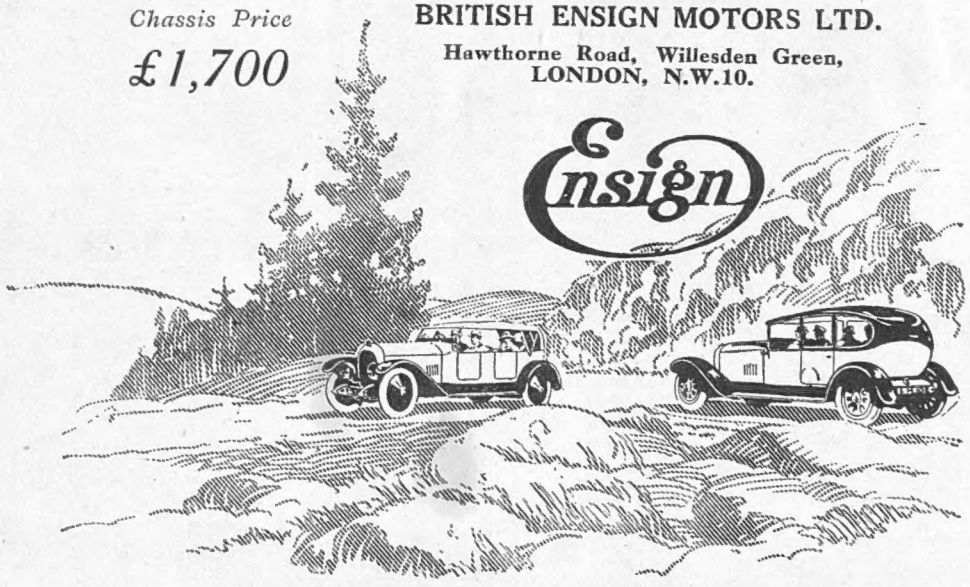

J.C.F.

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

Smart, D.S.O., the Commodore of the B.M.B.C. Then that well-known Belgian sportsman, Baron de Caters, has entered a new Thornycroft boat in the cruiser class for vessels exceeding 10 metres length overall, while Sunbeam, Napier, Rolls-Royce and Wolseley engines are to be the propelling powers for a number of motor-boats and hydro-aeroplanes. That famous French designer, M. Despujols, is supplying two very fast boats with Sunbeam engines, and Mr. Louis Coatalen, at the Motor-boat Show at Olympia, told me that they were very O.T., so I expect some wonderful speeds, even if not reaching the 125 kilometres an hour mark with which rumour credits them. Also much interest will be aroused by the nine boats that are competing in those waters driven by aerial propellers instead of water-screws, which is a new racing class the French are developing for commercial use in shallow waters in the Colonies, where weeds and such foul the propellers too frequently, and when the depth of the rivers does not permit ordinary craft navigating them in safety.

* * *

As for the aeroplanes, the Fairey Aviation Company are sending one of their Napier-Lion engined machines that gave such a good show before the crowd preparatory to the Schneider cup fiasco at Bournemouth last year, while the Aviation Maritime Portuguese are competing with their Portuguese aeroplanes equipped with Rolls-Royce motors. Italy will be represented by the Savoia machines with San-Giorgio engines, Nieuport with Sunbeam motor, Donnet with Hispano-Suiza, Caudron with Rhone, Brequet with their own motors, Spad entered by Louis Bleriot also with Hispano-Suiza engines, and Liore and Oliver with the same motors to uphold the honours for France. So it is going to be some show, and I can only wish that I could be there, as I had a splendid time during the 1913 meeting, and would like to renew many old friendships formed at that time.

* * *

POSSIBLY, as far as the machines themselves are concerned, English folk will be able to see them staged at the aeroplane exhibition later on at Olympia, but it is a poor thing, even the best of shows, compared with witnessing the actual performance under bright, blue skies by Mediterranean waters. The motor-boat races start on April 1st, and continue until April 11th, and then one has a week's rest—m'yes—when the sea-plane and flying-boat meeting continues the joyousness of the *Côte d'Azur* from April 18th to May 2nd, so practically there is a month of delights open to those fortunate enough to be able to participate in these sports. I can only hope that Georges Prude, my old friend and brother journalist, who is the organiser, as in previous years, of the Monaco meeting, will be in better health than he has been lately so that he can enjoy its triumph.

OLD HY.

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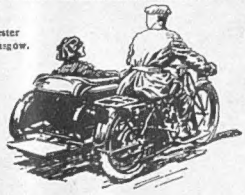

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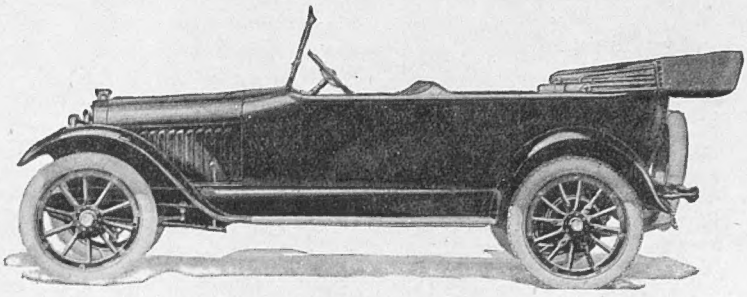

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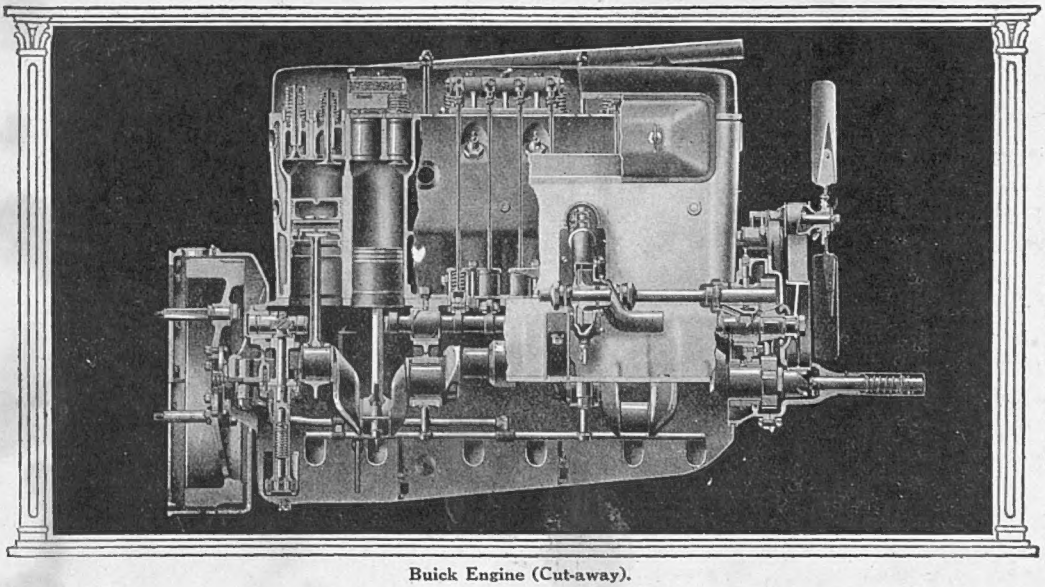

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Femina

The Truth About Spring Shows

THE die is cast, as they say in old-fashioned melodrama, and I have assisted at the casting. But, not for the life of me can I tell you what it was all about, except that it called itself a show of new and original spring creations, and that the scene was laid, as all such scenes should be, in Paris. I can distinctly remember some eighteenth century furniture, much light, scent, black velvet curtains, and something by Tchaikowsky breathed soulfully to the swish of silk. There emerges now and then the memory of a Queen of Sheba wrap, of an apology of a sleeve, of the all but total absence of a skirt or a bodice. The rest is magnificent chaos—and a headache.

IT is amazing what we can learn at a Paris show in two short hours or so. For instance, the illustrious X. Sœurs, Rue de la Paix, whom I had loved to picture as *Parisiennes pur sang*, a triple extract of the real thing, irreproachable and unapproachable of manner and *chic* to distraction as to clothes, turned out to be—a man. And not even a creature with long hair and an unruly tie, nor the bearded Frenchman of the comic papers—ours, of course—but a clean-shaven, sporting-looking person, who might have been a stockbroker at home, might have been anything and everything except the X Sisters that he undoubtedly was.

AS for the clothes, don't ask me! I remember the grace, always labelled "sinuous" in newspaper romances, of a certain Mlle. Hélène, who wore heels at least four inches high and yet managed to "undulate," which is another quotation from the same source. I also remember other perfect beings, dark, fair, and henna-coloured, so to speak, a sort of golden apple procession of beauty wreathed in angelic smiles and very little more. Raw materials, they say, are unobtainable, labour is—well, no one knows exactly where it is, except that it is not where once it was—and so one cuts one's coat according to one's lack of cloth. Let me assure you, in a perfectly respectable manner, that very little is worn below the knees by all sorts of perfectly respectable knees. It is an old story, I know, but it has grown more and more curtailed in the telling. And as to backs and evening bodices, Mlle. Hélène herself wore just a hint of tulle and a Velasquez dimple. But I cannot advise other perfectly respectable backs to go and do likewise. *Tulle* may be plentiful, but dimples are not.

(*Continued on page 956*)

By Frank R. Grey

"And so one cuts one's coat according to one's lack of cloth"